

CHINA



MAIL

RELAX IN **DAKS**
THE HANGING COMFORT
IN ACTION TROUSERS
Whiteaways

No. 36439

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1956.

Price 30 Cents

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Mutual Aid

THURSDAY'S annual general meeting of the Hongkong Exporters' Association was marked by refreshing candour, interesting self-analysis, and some sensible advice which the Colony's manufacturers could turn to profitable account if they be so minded. Of the many problems which our post-war light industries have had to try to overcome none has demanded closer attention than that of attaining a uniformly high standard of production quality; of at least measuring completed orders up to the level of samples.

One retarding factor, as Mr John Cowie so illuminatingly revealed, has been the mushroom growth of small factories whose financial resources are limited and who lack almost entirely experienced business departments. One unfortunate result has been cut-throat competition which has encouraged doubtful trading practices.

Malpractice can serve but one purpose—injury to the Colony's reputation for its business and trading integrity. And as it is a situation which can only be corrected by our industrialists big and small—there is much to commend Mr Cowie's suggestion that the Chinese Manufacturers' Union should encourage the formation of groups manufacturing in the same lines.

This is designed not to eliminate the "little man," but to afford him the benefit of more experienced knowledge both in the production of his commodities and their marketing, and to guide him away from the path of ill-conceived malpractices.

It would appear to us, however, that the functions of such guilds must be made complementary to those of the Exporters' Association, whose members possess expert knowledge of world markets and their special and distinct requirements.

Obviously there are mutual advantages to be derived from a close working alliance between the Exporters' Association and the manufacturers. Such advantages include a continually improving standard of quality in production and increased exports through the commodities being placed in the most appropriate markets.

DAILY WATER SUPPLY AGAIN

But Government Warns

"WE ARE TAKING A RISK"

Hongkong will return to a daily water supply as from tomorrow (Sunday) May 20.

Hours of supply will still be restricted to 2½ daily—as they were before the "every other day" system was introduced on May 1.

And the zoning arrangements, whereby water is made available to approximately half the Colony during the morning and to the remainder in the evening, will continue in force.

The supply zones will be exactly as they are at present, the actual hours of supply being:—morning zones 6.30 a.m. to 9 a.m.; evening zones 5.30 p.m. to 8 p.m.

Announcing these relaxations this morning, the Director of Public Works, the Hon T.L. Bowring, said:—

"We are going back to the daily ration in fulfilment of the promise we made when the water supplies were reduced to three hours every other day at the beginning of this month. I stated then that we should return to a daily supply just as soon as we could do so with safety and without endangering our essential reserves."

"We are in fact probably being somewhat premature in restoring daily supplies—even to the extent of taking quite a risk."

"Although recent rains have removed immediate danger of a water famine, they have done little to build up our reserves which stood yesterday at only 1,315 million gallons."

The Warning

"However, having weighed the pros and cons very carefully, we consider that so long as the present weather trend continues we can afford to be a little more generous with the ration. But I must give fair warning that if the rains should cease and we run into another dry spell and see our reserves dwindling down to danger point, we shall return to short rations at short notice."

"It is most important that all water consumers—that is, everyone in the Colony—should realise the true position and help in water conservation. We are by no means out of trouble yet and it is up to every man, woman and child in the community to exercise the greatest economy in the use of water and neither to waste it nor draw off more than is absolutely essential for their requirements."

Political Prisoners Freed Says Hungary

London, May 18. Mr Matyas Rakosi, Hungarian Workers' (Communist) Party Secretary announced today that all imprisoned Social Democrats in the country had been released. Budapest radio reported.

Mr Rakosi referred to a list compiled by members of the British Labour Party which they tried to give to Mr Nikita Khrushchev, Soviet Communist Party chief, during his London visit. He said this list contained names of those persons who were free at the time the list was submitted.

This was known to the Labour Party at the time, he said.

Mr Rakosi said serious errors of justice had been committed—he himself had been guilty of such errors as well as the entire central committee of the Hungarian Communist Party—Reuter.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights in today's China Mail:

P. 5: Eve Perriek debunks the Freudian cult, Nancy Spain finds the man who started the U-craze.

P. 6: Rene MacColl tells another story in his series "Deadline and Deadline"; Don Iddon follows the flag to the Gold Coast.

P. 7: Tam Poockock goes up 50,000 feet and writes "My Journey to the threshold of space."

P. 8: The Jack Cardiff story continues; John Marshall throws new light on the poet, Dylan Thomas.

P. 13: The Archbishop of Canterbury comes into criticism from Mr Herbert Morrison; James Wickenden profiles Dag Hammarskjöld.

MARSHALL TRIES AGAIN

GOVT TO GOVT DISCUSSIONS PROPOSED

London, May 18.

After a short meeting with some members of his delegation tonight, the Chief Minister of Singapore, Mr David Marshall, decided to consult his colleagues of the government in Singapore before any further attempt at negotiations with the Colonial Office.

In an interview with an AFP correspondent, Mr Marshall said that any negotiations now would have to be on a government to government basis.

"As you can see from the exchange of letters between myself and the Colonial Secretary, Mr Lennox-Boyd," he said, "the question is highly confused. I have to consult my colleagues in Singapore. There will also have to be an Assembly meeting."

Asked if he had any hope of returning to London in the next few weeks, the Chief Minister said: "Highly improbable."

The following is the text of the letter sent today by Mr Lennox-Boyd to Mr Marshall in reply to his letter of May 17: "Thank you for your letter of May 17, which I have studied with great care. I note that the letter represents an entirely personal approach on your part."

SUGGESTION

"You repeat the suggestion you had made to me in conversation that the limited powers to make orders in council for Singapore, which I proposed, should, as a safeguard, be retained, should only be exercised subject to the approval by an affirmative resolution of the House of Commons."

"I told you that, if the delegation supported your suggestion, and were willing to reach an agreement on the basis of the proposals I had put to the conference, modified accordingly, I thought it offered a possible solution to the central problem on which the conference broke down."

"And as I said to you later, if the Singapore Government wished to enter into fresh government-to-government negotiations on this basis, I would be willing to meet them."

"But it seemed clear to me that we should only reconvene the conference if there were a reasonable prospect of reaching an agreement. Nothing could do greater harm at the present time, or bring all participants more into disrepute, than to have a second breakdown in the talks."

TWO TURN UP

"I felt, therefore, that I must ask you to let me know whether the proposal made in your letter had the support of the delegation as a whole before I could properly undertake to reopen the conference, and I invited you and all the members of the delegation still in London to meet me privately yesterday afternoon."

"Unfortunately, only two members of the delegation, besides yourself, came to the meeting, and it became clear that the proposal did not represent a basis on which the conference could resume its work."

"I greatly appreciate the generous remarks with which you ended your letter to me. I would like, in my turn, to say how sorry I am that we were not able to reach an agreement in our conference and to thank you for your courtesy and for your many personal kindnesses."—France-Press.

US Army To Cut Its Manpower

Washington, May 18.

The United States Army plans to cut its manpower by about five per cent in the next fiscal year, beginning in July, it was disclosed today.

The news came five days after a Russian decision to cut her armed forces by 1,200,000 men on May 1 next year.

Major-General William S. Lawton, Chief of the Army Comptroller's Office Budget Division, said the cut would mean an average American strength of 1,034,100 men in the year beginning on July 1.

Western estimates have placed the present strength of the Russian armed forces at about 4,800,000 men.

Major-General Lawton was testifying before a Senate appropriations committee.—China Mail Special.

TROOPS WITHDRAW

Berlin, May 18. The first units of Soviet soldiers left Falkenberg in East Germany today under the Soviet Government's announced plan to

withdraw 30,000 troops from East Germany, the ADN news agency said.

The agency did not indicate the number of soldiers who left.

A Soviet-German friendship meeting was held at the Falkenberg railway station, some 55 miles southeast of Berlin, before the train, bearing the soldiers, departed, ADN said.

Soviet Colonel I. V. Kirsanov declared during the meeting that the British, American and French Governments would contribute to the cause of peace if they followed the Soviet example in withdrawing part of their forces, the agency said.—France-Press.

AID BAN: COMMITTEE REVERSES DECISION

Washington, May 18. The foreign affairs committee of the House of Representatives reversed itself today and voted against a provision which might have prevented further United States foreign aid going to several countries.

Mr James Richards (Democrat, South Carolina) announced after a closed meeting of the committee that they now voted to reject an amendment adopted yesterday, which would bar assistance by the United States to any

country shipping goods to the Communist nations which the United States itself does not allow to be shipped.

Many non-Communist nations, including Britain, have less strict lists of embargoed goods.

The committee postponed until next Tuesday a final vote on whether to make a \$1,000 million overall cut in President Eisenhower's \$4,900 million foreign aid proposals for the fiscal year beginning in July.—Reuter.



THIS HOME LEAVE

WITH A DAZZLING NEW **HILLMAN**



HILLMANS

132 NATHAN ROAD, KOWLOON
TELEPHONE 64246

- MINX DE LUXE SALOON
- MINX CONVERTIBLE
- CALIFORNIAN • ESTATE CAR
- MINX SPECIAL SALOON

This year, Hillmans don a new radiance... delightful new single colours or fabulous new two-tone colour schemes. They're as gay as a maypole, and as always, the Hillman O.H.V. engine gives top, high-powered, yet economical performance. See them and order yours for home delivery.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Hiram C
Say When
Strathvohr
Outsider:—Air Power.

RACE 2

Not So Bad
Tumbleweed
Kerrera
Outsider:—Tamerlane.

RACE 3

King Rider
Fall-of-Spirit
Serabo
Outsider:—Many Returns.

RACE 4

My Pal
Comet
Valbridge
Outsider:—Advancement.

RACE 5

Oceanic Sky
Another Victory
Gallant Knight
Outsider:—Precious Gem.

RACE 6

Night People
Strathvohr
Ivan-Ho
Outsider:—Jingle Bell.

RACE 7

Peach Blossom
Adonis
Constellation
Outsider:—Chekupun.

RACE 8

Apple Pie
Anna
Giddup
Outsider:—Fenchurch.

RACE 9

Glenabee
Princess Ellen
Winnio
Outsider:—Ben Nevis.

RACE 10

Supreme Command
Diamond Duhlla
Icefield
Outsider:—Old Tyre.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Hiram C
Strathvohr
Fel Chi
Outsider:—Wise Leader.

RACE 2

Hiawatha
Tumbleweed
Curley
Outsider:—Cornhill.

RACE 3

King Rider
C'est Si Bon
Fall-of-Spirit
Outsider:—V.I.P.

RACE 4

Comet
Advancement
Strathvohr
Outsider:—Blossom Time.

RACE 5

Gallant Knight
Precious Gem
Another Victory
Outsider:—Santa Claus.

RACE 6

Night People
Strathvohr
Jingle Bell
Outsider:—

RACE 7

Burning Arrow
Milton Dollar
Adonis
Outsider:—Constellation.

RACE 8

Apple Pie
Cecilia
Giddup
Outsider:—Anna.

RACE 9

Aladdin
Princess Ellen
Ben Nevis
Outsider:—Winnio.

RACE 10

Mascot
Icefield
Supreme Command
Outsider:—Flaming Wheel.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

for the 4th race

Maybe previous victories have made him like this

The teaser tip for the last meeting was was Knock-Down which was unplaced.

CYPRUS SHIPPING BAN

Nicosia, May 18. Sir John Harding, Governor of Cyprus, issued an order today banning all shipping from entering or leaving Cyprus territorial waters along a 30-mile strip of the island's northwest coastline. Ships serving the mining ports in the restricted area, and exempted from the ban. The area will be patrolled by Royal Navy ships.—France-Press.

How not to give a Tennis Party

Bad hosts are born and not made; not everyone can make a failure of a tennis party. Nevertheless there are certain observances which may be relied upon to reduce the chances of success.



For instance, do not roll the court before the guests arrive. Let them do it themselves while you maintain a flow of good-humoured banter.



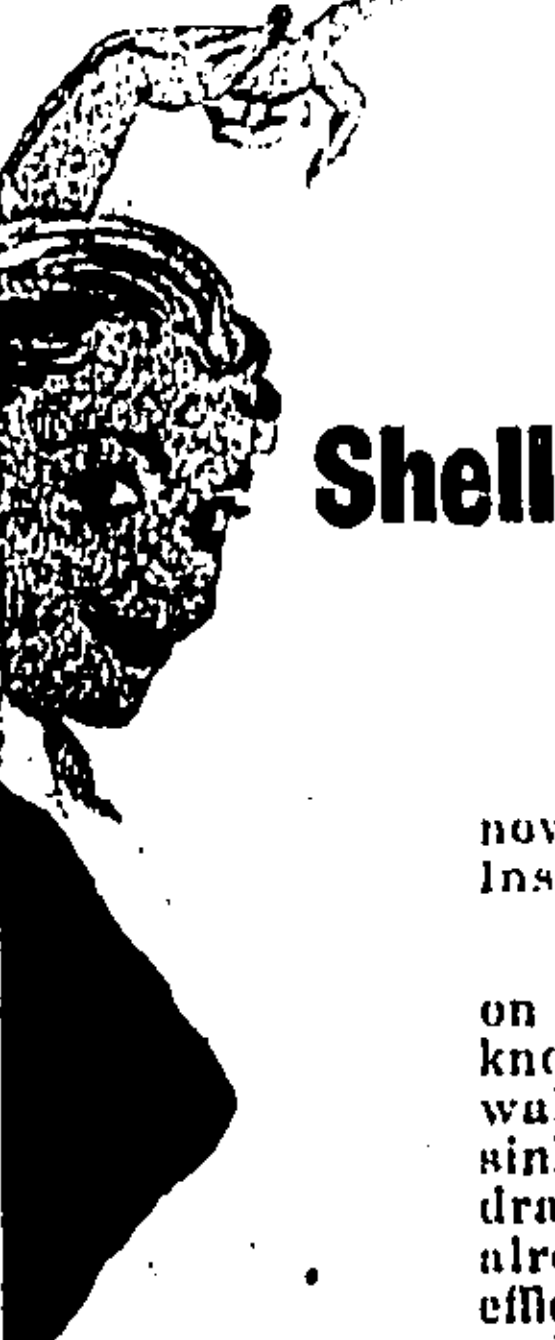
Do not mend the holes in the wire-netting. Searching for balls in the middle of a ding-dong game is a great fermenter of temper.

AND ABOVE ALL, do not on any account provide long ice-cold drinks of Rose's Lime Juice for between-the-sets refreshment. If the imperfect host were to forget by chance this cardinal rule of inhospitality, the sharp and utterly satisfying tang of Nature's most thirst-quenching drink could not fail to produce content. The party would be a success.

ROSE'S Lime juice

—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE





the strongest and most persistent insect-killer ever!

Shell Cockroach Killer

with Dieldrin

Good news! Shell Cockroach Killer now contains the amazing new Shell Insecticide DIELDRIN.

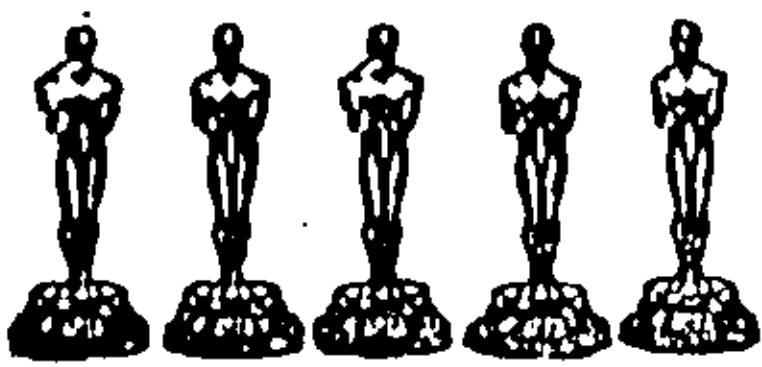
As a result, it kills quicker, and goes on killing longer than anything you've known before. Spray or brush it on walls and woodwork; spray it under sinks and stoves, in cupboards and drawers. World health experts have already proved DIELDRIN's amazing efficiency, because it is the most effective and safe insecticide known today.

Ask for Shell Cockroach at your usual store.

banish cockroaches overnight

KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY



Best Actress • Best
Photography • Best Set
Decoration • Best Art
Direction • With Best
Supporting Actress



EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S at 11.30 a.m.

Cornel Wilde
Evelyn Keyes in
"ONE THOUSAND &
ONE NIGHTS"

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.

A VARIETY PROGRAMME
OF TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS
presented by
20th Century-Fox

PRINCESS

SPECIAL MATINEE
To-morrow at 12.10 p.m.

GEMINI INTERNATIONAL presents
The Greatest & Most Spectacular
Entertainment Film Ever Seen in India!

An S.S. Vasan Production

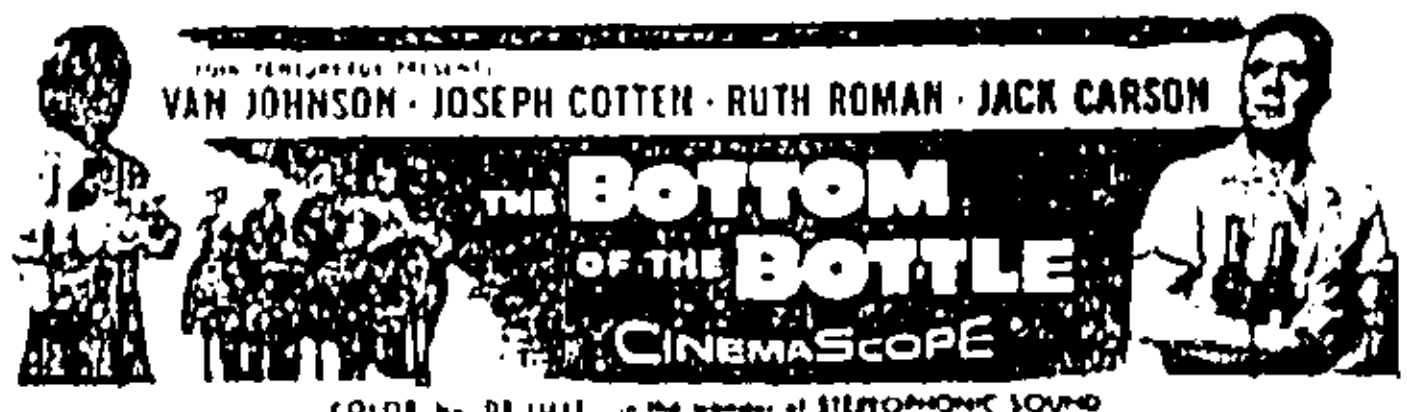
CHANDRA LEKHA

Starring Rajkumari — Radha
Ranjana — Sundari Bai
Directed by S.S. Vasan — Music by Rajeswara Rao
With English Subtitles — At Regular Prices

ORIENTAL

SHOWING TO-DAY
2.30—5.30—7.30
& 9.30 p.m.

In 4-Track Hi-Fi, Directional Stereophonic Sound!



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
Kirk Douglas & Silvana Mangano in "ULYSSES"

LEE Theatre

GRAND OPENING

TO-DAY AT 7.00 & 9.30 P.M.
BEGINNING FROM TO-MORROW 3 SHOWS DAILY
AT 2.30, 7.00 & 9.30 P.M.

JAPAN'S MOST
GLAMOROUS GIRLS
T. MASUDA'S

Tokyo Grand Revue



SPECTACLE
ON STAGE!



Admission: \$10, \$6, \$4.50, \$3.50 & \$2.40
Booking available at LEE THEATRE and
LEE THEATRE Town Booking Office, 6, Queen's Rd., G.

FILMS

Current & Coming
BY JANE ROBERTS

This Week's Films In Pictures

Do you remember a throaty voiced girl with dark good looks in the Ginger Rogers picture "The Black Widow"? She hadn't a very large part but what there was of it she made exciting and different. Her name was Virginia Leith and she played the part of a neurotic artist.

Her studio seem to be bent on making us forget that she was ever exciting or different, for in her latest picture she has that routine of routine roles the wife on the sidelines.

It's the kind of role that June Allyson has done countless times recently and calls for nothing more than standing on an air-trip registering terror and getting the hero breakfast before she sends him off to his dangerous expedition with a brave, encouraging smile.

The photography in pictures of this kind is always of a very high standard and for one can not yet find of the wonderful spectacle of jets screaming across the sky as the sound track accompanies their flight with a roar that almost takes the cinema with it.

The boy though, can't help being the mixture as before whether the experiments are to do with re-fuelling in the air, attempts at even greater heights, or the resistance of the human body to the vacuum pressure 100,000 feet up.

It is research into the latter that forms the basis of "On the Threshold of Space", with slide experiments with balloons in



On the left is Anna Magnani as she appears in "The Rose Tattoo". William Bendix is the gentleman sitting in the wheel chair in the picture on the right. He appears in "Battle Stations".



makes him swear to respect her daughter's virtue.

The structure of the story cannot illustrate the subtlety of the film or the splendid performances by every one of the actors. Marisa Pavan proves that in spite of her youth and inexperience, she is a natural actress and is not overshadowed by the fiery Magnani in their scenes together. Ben Cooper and Marisa Pavan provide a clever contrast, in their shy love scenes, with the earthiness of the mother and Burt Lancaster.

As for Anna Magnani, she is exhausting in her intensity, yet when she relaxes and laughs—for there is plenty of humour too in "The Rose Tattoo"—her honesty and integrity shine like a beacon, sweeping away the shadows of her darker moods. Her every gesture is timed, every expression calculated, yet the character she is playing is revealed as a perfectly natural, if eccentric being. She is a great artist.

A Classic Returns

1943 must have been the year in which all the adamantly long-haired beauties started giving serious thought to the cropping of their locks.

For it was the year in which Ingrid Bergman, shyly putting her short hair-do, made us all think we'd look better if people were allowed to pay more attention to our faces and less to our hair. The year, in fact, when "The Bell Tolls" burst upon the screen.

It was Ernest Hemingway's family partisan story about the Spanish Civil War, and returning at a time when France has been almost beaten by the Germans and is even making polite sounds about restoring the monarchy in that country, perhaps it almost seems tactless to revive it.

However, apart from its sympathies it was an exciting book and the film was notable for its characters as well as for its action.

I haven't seen it again, but the impact of my first viewing is still so strong that I rank it among the milestones of my cinema-going life.

It will be interesting to compare the performance of Katina Paxinou in this picture, with that of Anna Magnani in "The Rose Tattoo". Although one is Greek and the other Italian, there is a great similarity in their completely natural style of acting and in their portrayal of uninhibited passion, kindness, humour and human frailty.

Boy Friend's Promise

At this point Burt Lancaster comes into her life. She has heard whispers about the paragon of virtue, her husband, and has gone to the priest to try to persuade him to tell her what secrets her husband had divulged in the Confessional. This is a very powerful scene, matching the feeling she had for her husband while he lived. She is what a real people would consider eccentric, even when he is alive. After his death she becomes neurotic, sluttish and unreasonably fond of her young daughter—Marisa Pavan.

MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.

THE MAN WHO OPENED THE WEST!



Sunday Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
At Reduced Prices
"CELL 2455
DEATH ROW"

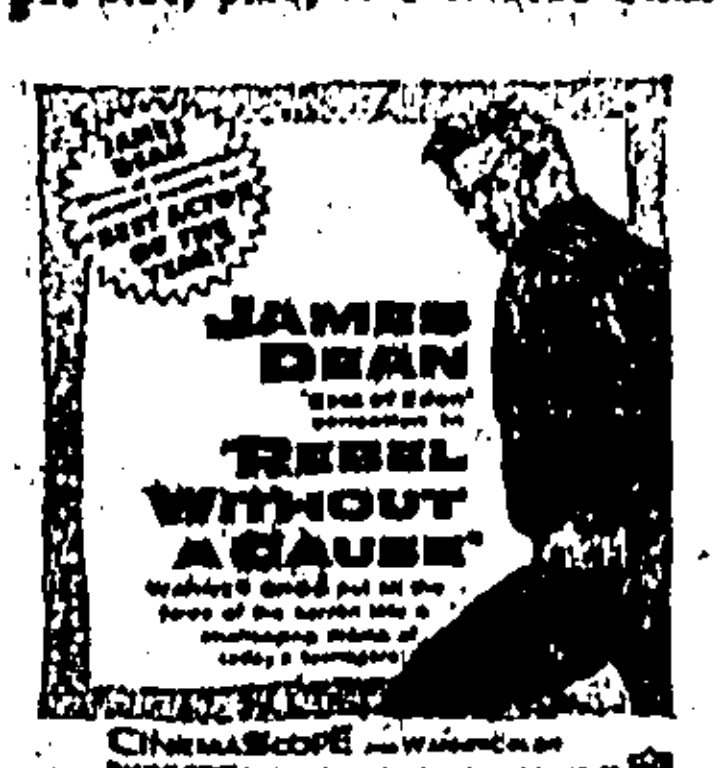
CAPITOL RITZ

FINAL TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



Sunday Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
"AT WAR WITH THE ARMY"
To-morrow
"HOT BLOOD"
Colour CinemaScope

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



NEXT CHANGE
"THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"
To-morrow Morning Show
"THE IRON CLOVE"
In Technicolor

New Films

At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOPER and LIBERTY:
"Goulish": French and
about gypsies. With
Kerina.

KING'S and PRINCESS:
"The Rose Tattoo":
Earthy drama with hum-
our. Anna Magnani,
Marisa Pavan, Burt
Lancaster.

NEW YORK and GREAT
WORLD: "Man With
the Gun": A western.
Robert Mitchum, Jan
Sterling, Barbara Law-
rence.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:
"Marty": A repeat
of the Award winner.
Ernest Borgnine, Betty
Bair.

ROXY and BROADWAY:
"On the Threshold of
Space": U.S. Air Force
experiments with high
flying aircraft. Guy
Madison, Virginia Leith.

COMING

HOOPER and LIBERTY:
"The Cry Tomorrow":
Susan Hayward, Richard
Coxe.

KING'S and PRINCESS:
"For Whom the Bell
Tolls": Excellent Heming-
way re-issue. Gary
Cooper, Ingrid Bergman.

NEW YORK and GREAT
WORLD: "An Alligator
Named Daisy": A British
comedy. Donald Sinden,
Diana Dors, Jean Carson.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:
"Battle Stations":
About an American air-
craft carrier. William
Bendix, John Lund.

ROXY and BROADWAY:
"Abraham the Great":
A recently deposed
monarch's private life—
thinly disguised. Gregory
Ratoff, Ray Kendall.

outer space the hobby-horse of a scientist attached to the U.S. Air Force. Dean Jagger is this scientist and again, we've met this type before. He is the idealist who is forever trying to convince the authorities that his schemes are practicable.

Guy Madison is a young flier who is also a doctor and who has a small private wing going on inside himself. Does he go up to these extreme heights and launch himself out of the aircraft at 100,000 feet merely in the interests of scientific research or is he guilty of getting a thrill out of it? Virginia Leith, as his wife, is also bothered by his approach to his work—though I'm afraid I couldn't see what all the fuss was about.

The flying, the experiments on the ground and the weird feeling of being with the pilot in the lonely reaches on the threshold of space were quite enough for me without bothering about the young doctor's reasons for volunteering for such work.

Once again I was struck by the leap ahead John Hodiak had taken since his early days on the screen and the weirdness of his recent death just as he was beginning to become a mature actor. Dean Jagger, on the other hand, seems to have remained still in spite of earlier promise, and the routine roles he is getting lately do nothing to increase his position in the acting world.

"On the Threshold of Space" is for those who like science fiction films, for although the producers point out that it is based on experiments that are going on at this moment, it has all the earmarks of a science fiction subject.

A Great Artist

"The Rose Tattoo" is a screeching, tearing, whiplash of a picture that parades the "Magnificent Magnani" (a title she is said to prefer above all

Mom—You're Ageless!

Miss Marion Nixon left the screen in 1938, but as her daughter said in a charming Mother's Day card from home in Los Angeles — "Mom, you're ageless".

"Nixon" is a name that sounds strange in the ears of the lady in question, for in spite of a promising career in front of the camera, she abandoned "Nixon" for "Seiler" when she decided to devote her time permanently to her husband and three children.

I talked to Mr and Mrs Seiler during the week-end in the official representative of the Motion Picture Producers' Association of America to the Third Annual Film Festival of Southeast Asia, to be held here soon—and my preconceived ideas of a successful film director and his ex-film star wife was sent sky high.

Instead of two fast talking people whose sole interests were movies, movie gossip and their participation on other-who in both, I found two very pleasant people who had to be

coaxed to talk about the screen world and who have made a home in that city we imagine to be one long whirl of social activity—Los Angeles.

Although film stars' salaries seem to astronomical to us, I learned that the good old days of over-paid under-worked spotted darlings with too much time to play is now a thing of the past. Most stars realize their days on the screen last only as long as their looks (in Mrs Seiler's case she would still be in demand, I'm sure) and take care of their salaries.

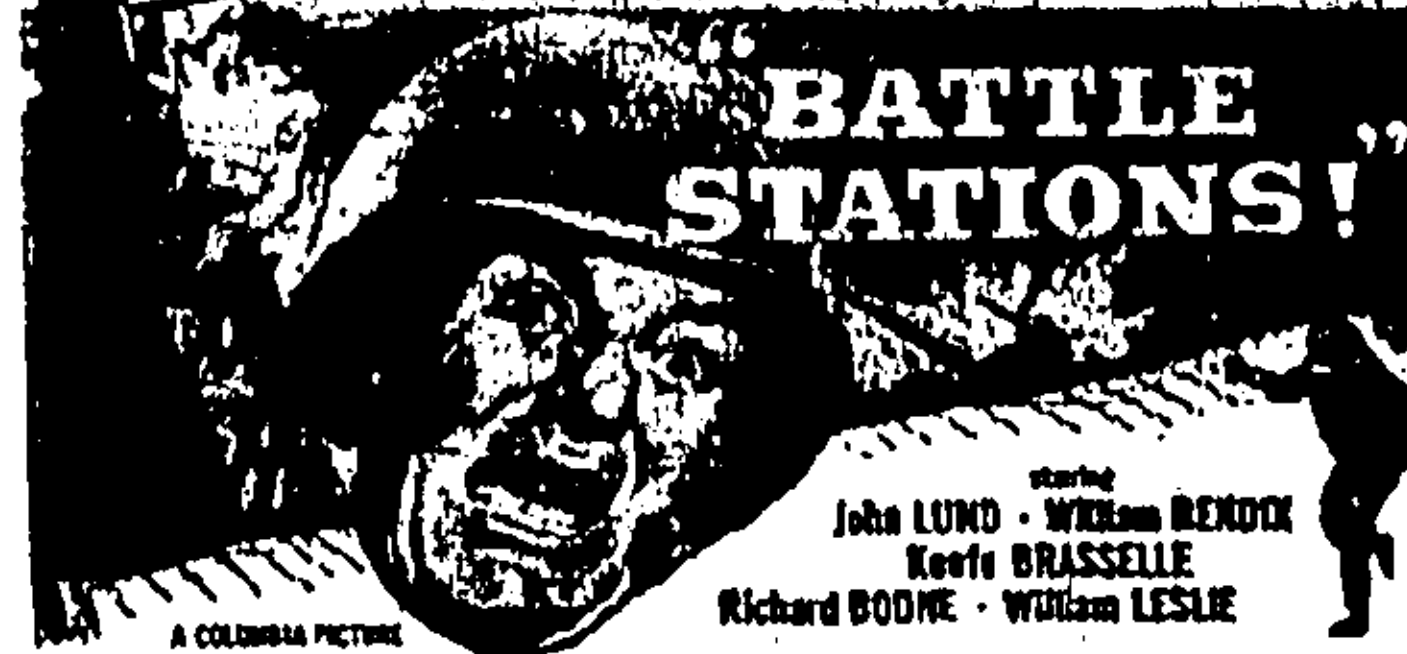
And there is much more hard work attached to the business of being in pictures than is apparent in the film magazines. So, young aspirants, take heed!

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY

EXPLOSIVE STORY OF A FLAT-TOP!



★ SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS ★
QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA
AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY
Norman Wisdom in
"Trouble In Store"
From J. Arthur Rank
REDUCED PRICES

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE STRATO-FLYERS!



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
THREE STOOGES COMEDY
& TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS PROGRAMME
Presented by Columbia
BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
Walt Disney's
Feature-length
Color Cartoon
"PINOCCHIO"

— Reduced Admission —
Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

EMPIRE Theatre

2nd BIG WEEK

COMPLETELY NEW PROGRAMME

REVISED POPULAR PRICES FROM TO-DAY
F. Stall \$7.60; M. Stall \$4.70; B. Stall \$3.50
Logo \$4.70 & D. Circle \$2.40
Special Matinee Prices: \$4.70, \$3.50 & \$2.40



TO-DAY 2 SHOWS: 7.15 & 9.30 P.M.
FROM TO-MORROW DAILY 2.30, 7.15 & 9.30 P.M.
Bookings EMPIRE 70103, CHINA EMPORIUM 28065

MAGIC?

No, there's a scientific
reason why
Lanolin Plus Liquid*
improves your
complexion!

It's the PLUS
that does it!

Lanolin Plus Liquid, you see, is more than just lanolin—it's lanolin with a Plus! A Plus that's rich in esters and cholesterol—skin lubricants that nature gives you but wind, sun and soap take away. A Plus that actually penetrates your skin to pre-form its magic—to smooth away dry little wrinkles and lines that make you look older than you are. So, for a smoother, fresher, younger-looking complexion tomorrow—use Lanolin Plus Liquid tonight!

*Produced by a special patented process

Lanolin
Plus
LIQUID

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



THE Duke of Edinburgh at the Aircraft Research Association's laboratory at Bedford, where he opened a new supersonic wind tunnel. He was keenly interested in the work in progress. In picture, he is seen talking to Mr Harry Warren, a lathe machine operator. (Express)



DESCRIBED as "Britain's most eligible bachelor," 48-year-old Mr Ernest Marples, Conservative MP for Wallasey, Cheshire, has caused a surprise by announcing his engagement to Mrs Ruth Dobson, 37, of Chelsea, seen with him here. (Express)



SINGER Eartha Kitt, who earns £85,000 a year, earned a mere £85 playing her first dramatic role as a condemned murderess in a BBC television play last week. In comfortable togs, she is pictured at a rehearsal. (Express)



SCREEN actress Belinda Lee, one of the British contingent at the Cannes Film Festival, enjoying the sunshine of the Riviera. She has starred in many British films, and is also frequently seen on television. (Express)



ACTRESS Elspeth Gray, who appeared stripped to her undies in a TV play produced by the usually staid BBC, for whom sex is the number that comes after five. The BBC felt all right this time, because Elspeth was supposed to be a robot. Even then, they covered themselves by ensuring that the man in the play who disrobed her was her real-life husband, Brian Rix. (Express)



LEFT: Twenty-year-old Marie "Beany" Thompson, who left the round-the-world ketch, Quest III, at Le Havre after only six days in the crew of four girls. Two other girls have also left. They complained that the skipper, 29-year-old New Zealander Martin Brent, treated them like slaves. (Express)



BELOW: General Lauris Norstad, of the U.S. Air Force, who has been appointed to succeed General Alfred Gruenther as Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, pictured at the North Weald, Essex, RAF station with his wife, Isobel. The General was to speak to several groups in London. (Reuterphoto)



LEFT: Twenty-year-old Jan Coleman (left) and 19-year-old Joan Winwood walked back to Britain last week after singing for their suppers around Europe for four months. Former Birmingham typists, they went abroad with £40, and when that dwindled they took to singing popular songs in restaurants in exchange for meals. (Express)

WHILE baby brother Peter watches, Christina Brooks of London receives an injection of anti-polio vaccine at Wandsworth Town Hall. The anti-polio shots are being given under the auspices of the London County Council. (Express)



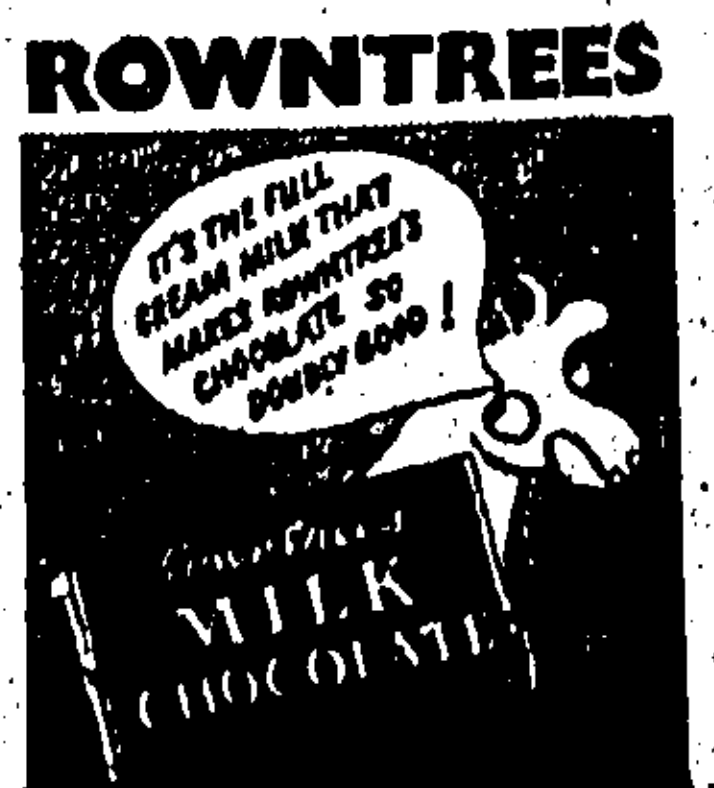
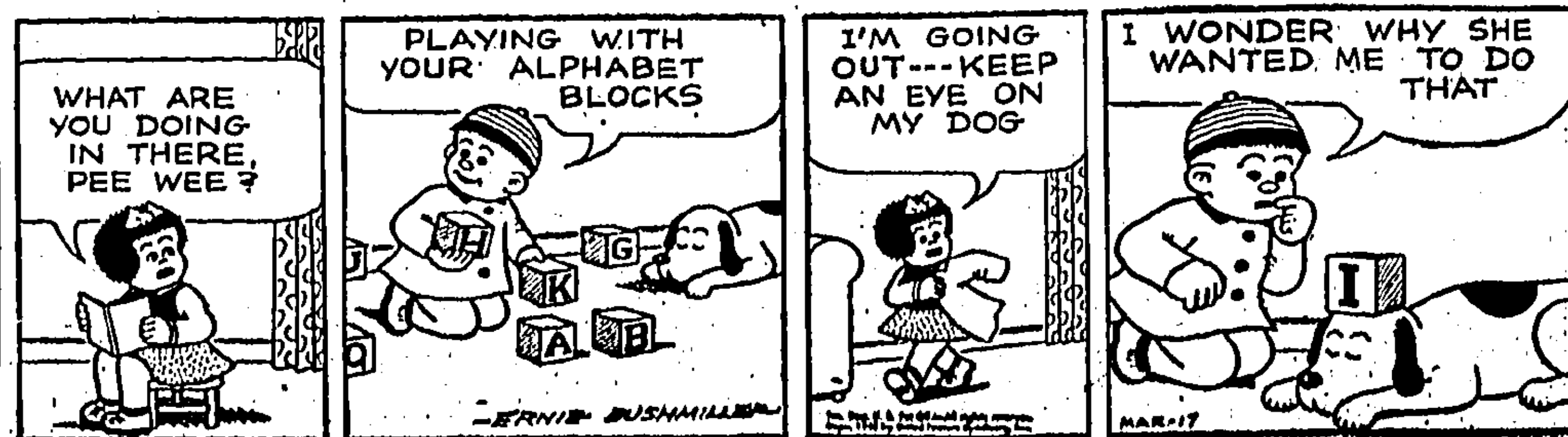
LEFT: Film actor Jack Hawkins having a chat with Valerie Homer and Mrs Margaret Wall at Wolverhampton Airport, where he is making "The Man In The Sky." They are extras in the film. (Reuterphoto)

"SATCHMO" Louis Armstrong, 55-year-old king of the jazz trumpet, waves on arrival in Britain for the first time in 22 years. The lady is his wife Lucille, whom he calls "Duchess." (Express)



NANCY

By Ernle Bushmiller



The Truth About A Royal Gift

By Peter Nelson

CONTRARY to reports the Queen did NOT give any personal gifts to the Russian leaders, Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Krushchev.

She gave twenty-four water-colour paintings from the Royal collection to Sir William Hayter, British Ambassador in Moscow, to present to Bulganin and Krushchev for Marshal Voroshilov, Chairman of the Praesidium of the Supreme Soviet.

Three of the paintings (all of which were mid-nineteenth century) were of the Kremlin, and the rest of the old St Petersburg Palaces.

People in Britain, for whom equestrian matters hold an appeal are to have a chance of seeing the Cossack harness which came with the Russian horses presented to the Queen. The harness is now in the Royal Museum, New Royal Palace, and will be made for the horses, and will embody the insignia of the Crown.

THEY LAUGH

During her holiday, Princess Alexandra, who is now in Florence with the Duchess of Kent, may again see Prince Juan Carlos, eighteen-year-old son of the Spanish Pretender, and expected to occupy the Spanish Throne when Franco restored the monarchy.

Blond, athletic Prince Carlos last met Princess Alexandra when he visited the Royal yacht "Britannia" during the Queen's recent holiday.

I hear Princess Alexandra keeps in touch with him, though both laugh at Continental assertions that a Royal romance is developing.

SENSATIONAL

Amnigun's portrait of the Duke of Edinburgh will be finished in July, well before the Duke leaves on his foreign tour. It will be every bit as pleasantly sensational as Amnigun's portrait of the Queen.

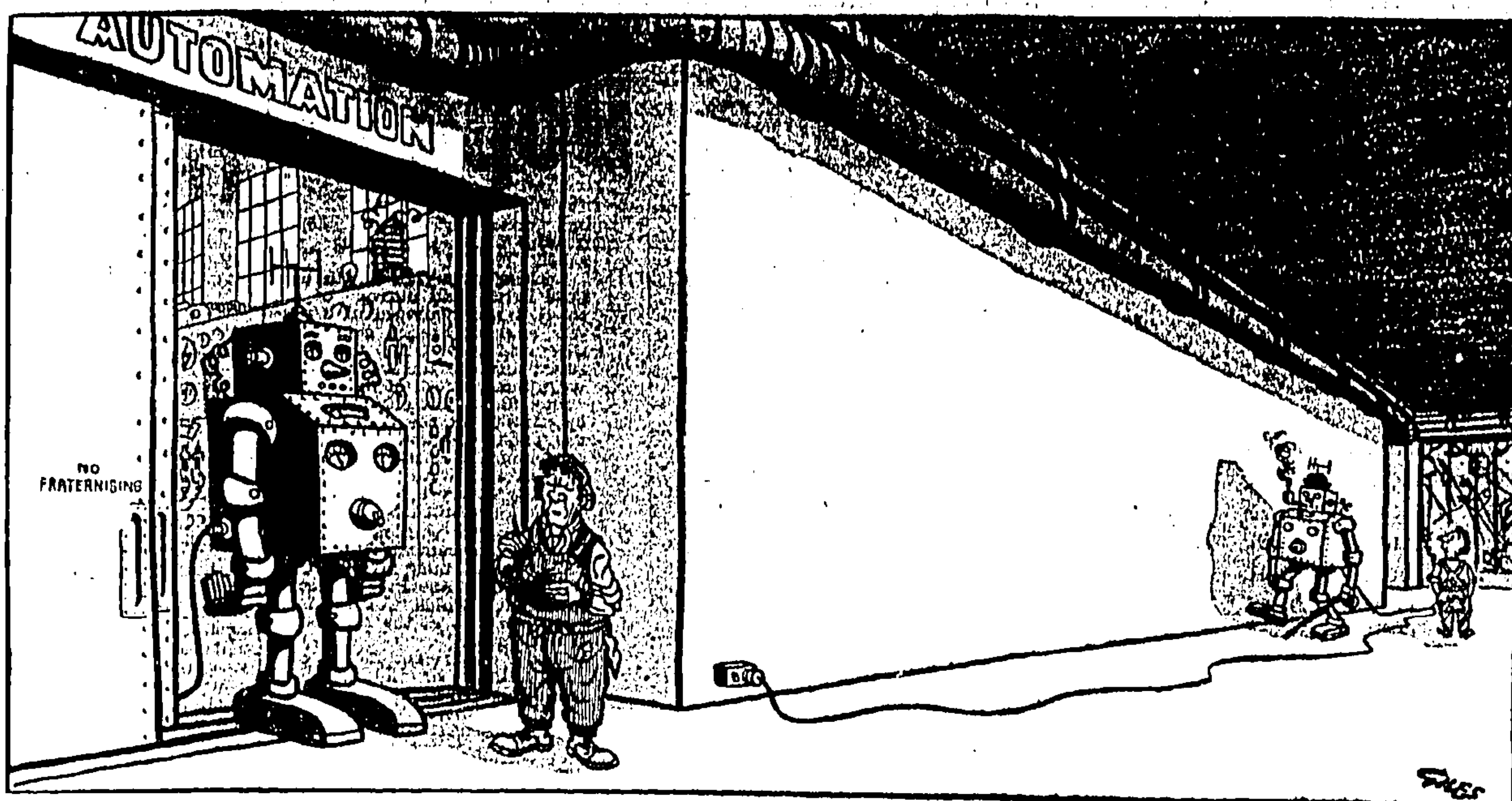
It will be a "twon" to the Queen's, but the Duke will wear the robes of the Order of the Thistle (the Scottish Order of Knighthood) instead of the Garter.

Figuratively, the Duke will "face" the Queen, and the green Thistle robes will be blended into a typical Amnigun blue sky. The sea will be added in the background, but the famous little Amnigun "trade mark" embodied in some small detail, is still a secret.

TALE OF TRAVEL

The late Queen Mary loved exhibitions, and I am sure that the "From Horse to Helicopter" exhibition to be held in July at Marlborough House, her old home, would have delighted her. Some of the finest models of ships, aircraft, and carriages will be on show. Under the chairmanship of the Marchioness of Northampton, the exhibition, which will also be something of a garden fête, is in aid of the Royal College of Nursing.

(Copyright)



"Tea money—one and six, Christmas club—five bob, football sweep—one tanner, holiday savings—another tanner . . ."

I don't claim to know so much about Freud

but I do know a lot about ME...!

There will be those, of course, who say that what follows reflects sadly upon the shallowness of the writer... but for how many also will it touch a chord of sneaking sympathy?

A self-analysis.... by Eve Perriek

A LOT of fuss is being made about Freud this week.

You know the name, of course—Sigmund Freud, the Great Father Symbol (that's one of his too) of psycho-analysis, whose centenary is being commemorated by nightly B.B.C. programmes, special lecture sessions.

And, inevitably, the placing of a plaque on the house in Hampstead (where "he") in which he lived from the time of his escape from the Nazis until his death 17 years ago.

Freud deserves to be so honoured. Take away the clatter, the mumbo-jumbo, the double-talk surrounding his name, caused in the main part by his too-devoted disciples, and he is revealed as a kindly soul trying to help humanity by excusing or, at least, explaining their sins. Which is a comforting thought and one I'll go along with—providing the thing doesn't get out of hand. But that's as far as I'll go. From there on Freud and I travel our separate ways. For

one Freudian theory I refuse to accept is this:—

That to get to know yourself you need a third person (preferably a professional psychoanalyst) to do the interpreting. I've been living with myself for 30 odd years (odd covering a figure I've no wish to mention here and not in any way describing my behaviour patterns). By now I can read me like a book.

I can stand outside of myself, quite dispassionately observing myself at work and at play—sometimes applauding, often deploring, but knowing full well what I'm doing, why I'm doing it—and usually how I'm doing too.

HORROR!

I NEED no trained specialist to probe into my psyche to tell me the subconscious causes which led me to take a certain direction. And neither, do I think, does anybody else in his normal senses.

Because, according to Freud, mine was one of those child-bred fixations with the then hidden dangers of misadventure, standings, love-and-hate relationships, Oedipus complexes, jealousies, and the rest of the

everyday routines of growing up.

What, for instance, would Freud have made of this incident which occurred during those tender years from age eight to seven, which he or his followers, declare to be the crucial ones?

Picture it for yourselves, and recall in horror. A crowded hall filled with schoolgirls and their parents, a small child in uniform which reveals an inelegant gap between tunic and stocking (I was always too big in the leg) stepping on to the platform to receive her prize from the Important Personage there.

The headmistress, saying as she does so, in tones loud and clear before the whole assembled school: "And this, my lord, is the little girl I was telling you about who can't blow her nose."

Enough, the Freudians would say, to give a child a complex for life. Enough to make her sub-consciously shudder at the sight of a handkerchief and to hate, for ever after, all the people who could blow their noses. "Aha," you say. "The fact that you remember that hap-

pening after all these years proves Freud right. It has had an effect on your life."

"And nonsense," say I. I can remember perfectly every little thing that happened to me since I was two and a half years old. I can recall how I felt about them at the time. What is more I no longer have to blush about them. I can laugh at them and myself because I've found out that what happens to you at 2, or even at 17, has far more influence on you than what happened at seven.

I BELIEVE

It is between these milestones, after all that you're most likely to start a job, meet the man you're going to marry, have a child, and finally learn some sense.

Learn too that success or failure, or a little of each, depends on you alone and not on anything your father said to your mother. In your hearing, if not understanding, when you were six months old.

Freud and his thousandfold followers can count me out of the running. I'll back experience against the subconscious urge any day.

I don't believe that the way I behave now was decreed by my suppressed longing to shove my sister under a bus when I was five.

So much for me and Freud. So far as the Freudian conception of women in general is concerned, this I also know—

THAT a person with a psychiatrist, even though he looks like Gregory Peck, is no lasting substitute for a man of

your own, even though he doesn't look like Gregory Peck. THAT women would rather be presented with the cures for their blues than the causes any day—and Freud admitted he didn't know the answers.

And for the case-books of the present-day psycho-healers, I pass on this example of experienced frustration. It emerged not from learned tomes nor deep down clinical research. Just something I came up against when I was in Monte Carlo recently.

Frustration carried to the uttermost can best be exemplified by the combination of a journalist with a story to dictate confronted with a telephone rigidly fixed to the wall which keeps on breaking down and on which there is nothing whatever to jiggle up and down.

All I can say is that I suffered this—and nothing Freud ever did or said or wrote could help me in my hour of need.

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THE U MAN HIMSELF HE STARTED THE CRAZE — AND HE'S KEEPING IT UP

By Nancy Spain

IT has got about that this "U" thing — this immense craze for classifying everybody's speech as U (upper class) or Non-U (lower class) — is the literary child of Nancy Mitford. Not so! — the father has been found; and here confesses.

THIS U business is 30 years old: it all began in 1926 when 49-year-old Professor Alan Ross, the Linguistics Professor at Birmingham University, was at Balliol College, Oxford.

"I was a nasty little cat in those days," he said. "And I went around making lists of words people said that weren't U. Such as calling 'Miss' for a barmaid in a pub."

We were in a pub at the time in Birmingham, and I watched to see what the professor would do. He said nothing—just jingled his small change on the counter to attract attention. "I don't suggest," said "vetted" my paper. My son tells me, "I don't suggest," said the professor, "that I am the last word in U behaviour. Look, I wear a signal ring." (Very Non-U.)



PROFESSOR ROSS: "TO BE SAFE IN 'U'... BE SILENT"

"All that I think I know is the exhaustive list of words in correct U usage. They are all in that paper that I published in Helsinki."

The professor gravely gave me a copy of "That Paper."

He is tall (6ft 3in.), wears a beard, glasses, blouses easily, likes Nancy Mitford very much. "If she had had a proper education she might have made a scholar," he walks everywhere in Birmingham because his son, aged 23, has his Land-Rover in Oxford.

"My son did his National Service with the R.A.F. in Canada," said the professor, "and he was one of the 10 accredited 'U' scholars who 'vetted' my paper. My son tells me that the U words I used in 1926 in Balliol haven't altered at all since 1920."

THE LAST WORD

This suggested that "U" was a dying language, and I said so. "Yes," said the professor, "highly delighted. 'Certainly one of the really safe things in U' is to remain perfectly silent."

The man who knows the last word in U has written at least 10 books with titles like "The Terminus" and "Beornas of Others." "The Mural Signs of the Mohenjo-daro Script" and "The Lindisfarne Gospels" (Anglo-Saxon section). Apparently linguistic studies are very complicated and need

a calculating machine to work them out. The professor is all day long at his calculator, working out, for example, how often the word "Ginger" occurs. (The answer is in 148 languages. There are, it seems, 10,000 languages.) We went into the university for lunch. This was a large pile of buildings, something like St Pancras, in red brick. We met his colleagues, quiet men, dressed in navy blue suits, who hurried nervously away. I asked the professor, as we were eating roast beef and stollen pudding, who was the most U person he knew.

"Everyone wants to know that," he said, with a sigh. "In U, you see, above a certain level all people are equal. And, incidentally, in that piece about doctors that Chapman Pincher wrote in your paper I think it's quite wrong, you know. All doctors are Non-U. Why, in Ireland, I know a house where the doctor, the butcher, the priest, and the vet are all received as equals. And all call their host 'Sir'."

But the phrase U and Non-U, which has brought fame to Birmingham is not snobbish, claims the professor.

"It is simply the universal habit of philologists (lovers of words) to abbreviate to one or two letters the names of dialects to which they refer. Thus OE (Old English) is Anglo-Saxon, while BF..."

"Whatever does BF mean?" I asked.

"Baltic Fennic," said the professor, shortly.

TERRIBLY DANGEROUS

And what does the professor do with his spare time? Well, he has travelled in British Honduras and Jamaica, making notes of speech. He has taken a Land-Rover up very wild mountains in Wales. And he has explored most of the rivers 60 miles north-east of Narvik in Norway, to prove that Othere (the Norse sea captain) could have taken his long, light boat across country that way.

"Like the Kon-Tiki," I said. "Yes. And it's too awful because the Birmingham Canoe Club want to do it now, and I'm sure it's terribly dangerous."

But there, you know, that's the professor's all over. He has this tremendous enthusiasm. And when he says something there's no knowing where it will stop.

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Now!—for the untold 'Inside Dope'



being the vivid, exciting, and highly entertaining professional autobiography of roving

reporter **RENE MacCOLL**, who draws on 20 years of news-gathering experience to tell now—for the first time—the "inside stuff," the personal background to the major events of our lifetime. This story is (his phrase) "an off-beat one" ... the one that furnished a strangely Ruritanian flavour to the newspapers of the darkening last days before the last war. Remember?

TO A ROYAL WEDDING IN A WAITER'S SUIT

IN April 1938 I went to Albania to cover the wedding of King Zog. There was considerable curiosity over the event in Europe.

Zog, then 42, was a handsome man, with blue eyes, fair hair, and a small, well-tended moustache. His father had been hereditary chief of the Mati valley; Zog got into Albanian politics early in the nineteen-twenties, and did so well that by 1928 he was proclaimed king.



ZOG'S QUEEN GERALDINE

Having duly survived for 10 eventful years, it became evident that the king might consider himself sufficiently durable to contemplate marriage. His choice fell on the 22-year-old Countess Geraldine Apponyi of Hungary, a lady who proved, to the gratification of newspaper readers, to be outstandingly good looking, and the possessor of charm and vivacity.

CUTAWAY ELEGANCE

TO the usual accoutrements of which I was wont to pack for foreign jobs I added for this special occasion my "morning dress," i.e., cutaway coat, striped trousers, double-breasted down waistcoat, black shoes, four-in-hand tie, and top hat.

No doubt such elegance, I reflected, might seem out of place in Tirana, but I owed it to my hosts to appear as faultlessly garbed as I would have done had I been covering a similar event at home.

On the afternoon of the first day I stopped to watch an Austrian photographer taking a picture of a peasant who was driving a mule cart. The man obediently posed, holding a photograph of the king poised on his mule's head, and studying it with close attention.

Afterwards I walked back to unpack and attempt to hang up on the single hook behind the bedroom door my wedding finery.

"It seems that you are over-critical," he said sharply. "You have been treated with consideration in the regrettable affair of your commitment of lese majeste." We parted on glacial terms. The day before the wedding the correspondents received their official invitations on imposing pieces of paste-board edged with gold. I glanced casually at mine to verify what time we had to be at the annex which had been

specially built on to the side of the tiny palace for the ceremony.

Down at the bottom of the engraved invitation my eyes fell on an unwelcome announcement: "The wearing of evening dress for those guests not in uniform is strictly enjoined."

Evening dress? Here was I with the wrong sort of clothes entirely. But surely I could not be the only reporter in this predicament? I walked about the corridor of the hotel, inquiring among some of my French and other colleagues.

But they, Continentals to a man, had brought along evening dress—either tails, white tie and white waistcoat or tuxedo suits—as a matter of course, for formal attire for weddings is nearly every European country is indubitably evening dress.

SWALLOWING MY PRIDE

WHAT could I do to avoid committing a sad solecism? The idea of finding a Moss Bros. in Tirana was laughable.

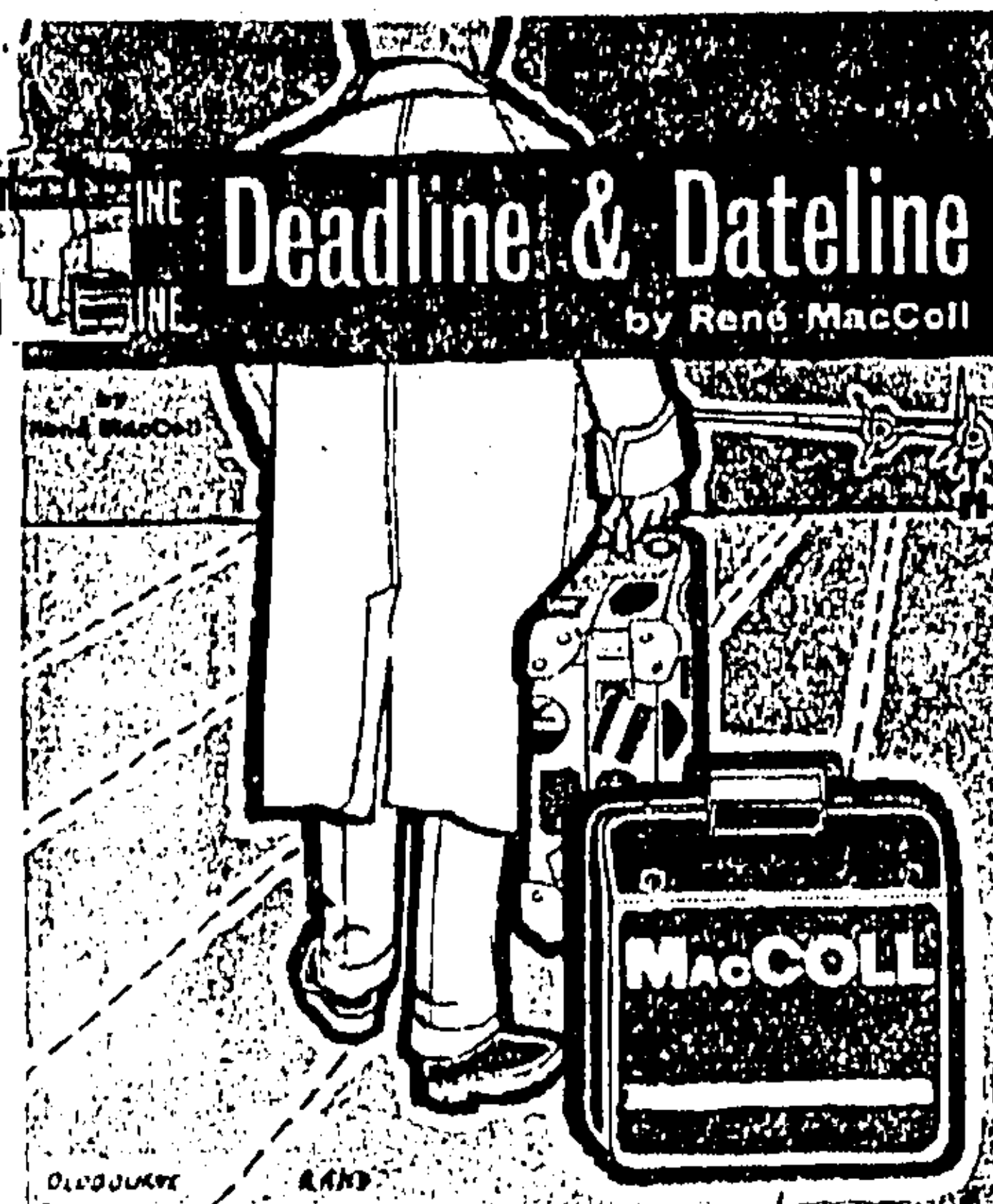
There was only one thing to be done: swallow my pride and go to see the F.O. Press liaison official again to ask if he would arrange for a point to be stretched on my behalf.

"Absolutely impossible!" he snapped. "There must be a certain protocol at a ceremony of such a nature. After all, Mr. MacColl, you would expect visitors to London to conform with British practice in such matters, would you not? Respect must be shown."

I made the mistake of explaining that my morning dress would be just the thing on such an occasion in London, which gave him the opportunity of repeating his earlier remark that I was in Albania now and not London.

I pointed out that in its general scheme formal morning dress is not vastly dissimilar from full evening dress. Could I not perhaps borrow a white tie?

He shook his head coldly. "You have already shown grave disrespect to the person of His Majesty. You were treated leniently on that occasion. I do not intend to be any party to



Deadline & Dateline

by René MacColl

another gesture by you implying further lack of respect."

The situation was preposterous. And yet what was I to do?

There simply had to be a solution. But the day wore on with none in sight. I was in despair. That night I was sitting dejectedly in one of the Albanian restaurants, a bottle of wine at my side, when my gaze froze. For it came on me that the head waiter was wearing evening dress.

It is not easy to convey the state of ill-grooming and general disrepair of the suit he had on. It may well have had a dozen earlier owners. Its surface was a crusted mass of stains. The silk facings on one of the lapels had been replaced with a piece of ordinary, and much lighter-coloured, cloth. A long tear on one of the trouser legs had been ineptly sewn up.

The glazed celluloid "dicky" which served the wearer as a shirt-front was filthy. The buttons were missing from the sides of the coat cuffs. Perhaps worst of all, while on me 6ft. 3in. tall, the head waiter was quite a short man. But

here indisputably was evening dress.

The equivalent of a pound sterling engineered the loan. I stayed until closing time, and then the head waiter led me behind the scenes to a fairly noisome cubby-hole, where he took off the evening suit and handed it over. I hurried with my prize back to the hotel, obtained some water with difficulty, and did what I could to remove the worst of the stains.

My thoughts, as I made for the palace in a flare, were none too sanguine.

STRING ROUND MY WAIST

THERE was no question of attempting to button up the coat; the trousers ended several inches up my shins and my wrists stuck out dolefully from my meagre sleeves. My attempts at cleaning were revealed, in the daylight, to have been no more than sketchily successful.

One of the gravest problems was posed by the "dicky." It showed a nasty tendency to fly up suddenly and strike me beneath the chin, although I

had done my best to anchor it with string tied round my waist.

Looking at myself with distaste in the hall mirror of the hotel, I was reminded of a pre-war team of French comedians. One was very tall, the other short, and the tall one was always bursting out of his clothes. In these circumstances my appearance in the doorway of the palace annex created a sensation. An instant hush fell, and all eyes were turned incredulously on the figure of fantasy which I presented.

My instinct was, naturally, to bolt up the central lane with an apologetic and hasty flight, in the anonymity of the Press accommodation, which was arranged on a low dais at the far end of the chamber.

But I dared not move fast. Any sudden or ill-considered move might well have provoked some fatal piece of disintegration in my costumes.

ELECTRIC SILENCE

IT was therefore with an unnatural deliberation, a blend of an invalid setting out on his first uncertain stroll after a severe illness and an old man pacing along in a funeral cortege, that I made my stately progress up the aisle.

Nor could I even attempt to brazen it out, with head held high. It was the obvious course of prudence to keep my shoulders bowed as much as possible, my chest well in, and my head pressed down into my neck. One deep breath could have unshipped the "dicky."

The other wedding guests, therefore, had every opportunity to take in my appearance in detail; and while there was a good deal of whispering in my wake, ahead of, and alongside me, my advent occasioned only an electric silence.

This, it seems to me, said much for the good manners of most of those present. But my ensemble proved too much for my colleagues of the Press, and as I have two near focus they greeted me with a burst of laughter. It was with a sense of unmeasurable relief that I finally mounted the newspapermen's dais and sought cover at the rear of the sniggering group. Thanks to the waiter, I had made it.

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More MacColl memories
Next Saturday

THE MAN WHO FOUND HITLER ALIVE...

His name was Col. Lincoln
—yet he did not exist

By XAN FIELDING

THE greatest, most intelligent operator in the business of intelligence is a mysterious American whom Radio Moscow calls "Colonel Lincoln."

Not much is known about the man. He is said to be Robert T. Lincoln, the middle "T" standing for Throckmorton. He was born in Slippery Rock, Arkansas, on October 10, 1909. He used to be a rum-runner.

No superlative is strong enough to do justice to his skill. He has fought and won single-handed in the mountains of Persia against a whole army of Soviet operators.

He has penetrated to Alomgrad, the "hidden" Russian atomic city, and returned with a complete hydrogen bomb. He has calmed unruly tribes in Afghanistan, and on a Pacific island he once disarmed a band of Japanese conspirators who were plotting the assassination of General Douglas MacArthur.

He also discovered Hitler alive in a cave in Patagonia some time after the world was satisfied that the dictator was no longer living.

Lincoln is known by a score of aliases and is frequently seen

in a number of different places simultaneously. He is a champion marksman, a daredevil pilot, an expert mountaineer, a wizard in codes and ciphers, and a man of a hundred faces.

In every respect Lincoln is the right man for the job. He is modest and has a passion for anonymity. He is selfless and intensely patriotic. He is daring and resourceful.

These particulars of the world's mastery-spy are revealed in a new book, "The Wits," by a distinguished international journalist, Laddislaw Farago. But there is just one thing wrong with Colonel Robert Throckmorton Lincoln.

He does not exist.

He was conjured up over an after-dinner drink one night in Tehran by Ambassador John Wiley and his political officer, Gerald Docher. It was 1948 and the two men were listening to the Moscow radio. They were suddenly reduced to helpless laughter by a Soviet tale about a ubiquitous American agent. They decided to put their heads together and accommodate the Russians. Bob Lincoln was the product of this whimsical conspiracy.

Coming from nowhere, Lincoln was bewilderment and dismay of the Moscow propagandists. Then, in April 1950, the bubble burst. Cyrus L. Sulzberger, of the New York Times, was in Tehran and he picked up a clue to the fabulous Lincoln. The result was an article that denounced Lincoln's death. But it was not on the obituary page. And so, by one stroke of a journalist's pen, the whole Lincoln myth was exploded.

A bit of an anti-climax? Certainly.

But no more so than the rest of Mr. Farago's revelations. It is all very well to call these "secrets of Espionage and Intelligence." They are, of course, nothing of the kind. How could they be? M.I.5 would soon have something to say about it if they were. And no publisher, I imagine, would so blatantly defy the Official Secrets Act.

But to get back to Colonel Lincoln. It seems that the Sulzberger scoop did not kill him off altogether. For he still turns up from time to time on Radio Moscow, which with characteristic tortuousness claims that so as to camouflage the fact that Lincoln is alive and as active as ever.

So perhaps the legend is not such an anti-climax after all. At least it still serves a purpose. And so in a way do Mr. Farago's disclosures.

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DON IDDON'S DIARY FOLLOWS THE FLAG

The Gold Coast Steps Ahead

THE Follow-the-Flag route now takes me to London, the heart and head of the Commonwealth which I have been touring for the past six weeks.

It has been an exciting journey—an inspiring one in many ways.

Here on the Gold Coast is a supreme example of British liberalism and progress. Within a few months, certainly by next year, the Gold Coast will become Britain's first black Dominion, a country run, and run well, almost entirely by Negroes.

They take their place proudly as an independent member of the British Commonwealth. I see no danger of their wanting to get out of the Empire. They want to stay in, but to run their own affairs as the other Dominions run theirs.

The Gold Coast is achieving in a few short years what other countries took decades to reach. The eyes of all Africa are on the Gold Coast, for what is happening is a bold and audacious experiment, something that only the British would dare.

If the Gold Coast experiment succeeds—and the Prime Minister, Kwame Nkrumah, is confident it will succeed—then a pattern has been set for all Africa.

Pressing on

NOTHING could be more exact than Accra and Johannesburg. Some people in power in South Africa are trying to force the hands of the clock back. Here, in West Africa, in a country which is 99.8 per cent Negro, the people are pressing the clock hands forward.

What used to be the White Man's Grave is now the black man's near-Utopia.

There is total racial segregation in South Africa. On the Gold Coast there is no segregation whatsoever, except in the lonely citadel of the Accra Club, and that is tumbling.

I arrived here in the blinding heat prepared for all sorts of discomforts, and, although the discomforts exist, the political example is so shining you forget them.

Largely because of our progressive attitude, our desire that the Gold Coast achieve its ambition of becoming an independent member of the Commonwealth, there is almost no Communist movement here. Nkrumah says: "I am a Christian Marxist, a Socialist—not a Communist."

He also says: "We are freeing ourselves from the shackles of imperialism, making it clear we are not going to become tied to the power imperialism of Soviet Russia."

They get along

COLOURED and white get along magnificently here. I have not tribal chiefs, politicians, scores of Negro journalists, clerics, and businessmen, and they say: "We deserve our independence, but we know our debt to the British and we won't forget it." I hope they won't.

The West African is a happy, handsome, smiling person. He loves to laugh.

Here, in all the shops, restaurants and drinking places, white and coloured mix freely. America's Deep South would be in a fury. Perhaps they can both learn from the Gold Coast. Two records is astonishing by any standards.

Dr. Nkrumah must take much of the credit. Here is a man, London and American educated, who was elected the first Negro Prime Minister of a British Empire country in 1949 when he was in gaol, serving a sentence for sedition.

The Governor—then, as now, Sir Charles Noble Arden Clarke—reading the polls, released him, and Nkrumah took over as Chief Minister of his Convention People's Party. He has been in charge ever since.

One of the intriguing things about this country of strange enchantment is that little stigma attaches to people who have been in gaol. "Prison graduate" is a badge of honour, and there are said to be signs outside tailors' shops: "Trained in Her Majesty's prison." But I haven't seen any.

The Governor and I had a rewarding talk about the Gold Coast's future.

"We cannot and do not wish to dam the stream. The more responsibility we give to the Africans the better, the more mellow they become. This is a right and honourable plan which we have undertaken."

"They are good, sweet-natured people, learning fast all the time; but we, the British, will still, of course, be needed."

He is popular

THE Governor has devoted a third of a century of his life to serving the flag in Africa. When he first came to the Gold Coast there was turmoil and he was boxed. Now he is intensely popular.

He has done a magnificent job for Britain and for the Gold Coast by his gentle, relations and skilled handling of affairs.

Relations between the Prime Minister and the Governor are excellent. However, relations between the Prime Minister and Asantehene, King of Ashanti, the land of the Golden Stool, are bad.

There is a feud between the brilliant, articulate Prime Minister and the King of the ancient land.

Asantehene is very pro-British and his grand piano is cluttered with photographs of the Royal Family. This rift is dangerous, but the best brains believe a solution will be found.

We will remain

I SAW some of the chiefs off for a trip to Britain and the United States. They wore their gold and purple robes like Roman togas. They must be handled with care.

The situation is complicated by a plebiscite which takes place in British Togoland next Wednesday, when the people want to be integrated with the Gold Coast or want separation.

It is taken as certain that Togoland will vote to join the Gold Coast and Prime Minister Nkrumah's power will be increased. His demand for "immediate independence" will grow more shrill.

Actually there's no need for shouting. The Gold Coast is getting its independence and is getting it soon.

But we will remain. Our experience is needed and our capital is needed.

The ambitious Volta River Project, to produce aluminium, cannot become reality without the British. I think Nkrumah knows it. With all his oratory and magnetism he is essentially a shrewd man. He is known as "Show Boy" not because he is flamboyant but because he is the prize possession of the natives, their hope and leader.

Little tension

NKRUMAH has guided the country, which is rich in minerals, carefully. He has seen to it that the women, the mummy traders, the market business here and sometimes produce outrageously have not been alienated.

There is little tension here, despite the big political developments. The Gold Coast, assisted and guided by Britain, steps forward confidently towards independence within the Commonwealth, towards the status of the first black Dominion of the Empire.

This is a magnificent British—and African—achievement and the whole world wonders.

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By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



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THIS HISTORIC ANNOUNCEMENT

The China Mail believes that this advertisement, first reported by Chapman Pincher on its publication in the noted scientific journal Nature, may well be regarded 100 years hence as the real beginning of serious space travel. To mark the moment we will be publishing soon "HOW NEAR AND HOW FAR," by Chapman Pincher. But first read this unusual personal story. More powerfully than statistics it sets the scene.

My Journey to the Threshold of Space

A DESPATCH WITH A DIFFERENT DATELINE
BY TOM POCOCK



POCOCK IN THE TRAP-
PINGS OF SCIENCE FICTION.

LOOKING LIKE
SOME JET MORGAN
OF TOMORROW
TOM POCOCK
WEARS THE HIGH-
DOOMED OUTER
HELMET OF HIS
SPACE KIT.



Ten miles above the earth, the sky is blue-black. Straight down, Britain is a sketch-map veiled by sunlit haze.

This is the stratosphere. This is the threshold of space.

It is strangely peaceful. The only sounds are the high, ringing note of the Avon jet engines and, at intervals, the faint, amplified breathing of the Canberra bomber's crew.

A gentle rocking, like that of a yacht at her moorings, is the only sensation of movement.

Within the pressurised cabin it is as mild and placid as a Victorian drawing room. Yet, a few inches from your face, beyond the Perspex canopy, waits the freezing, airless void on the frontier of space.

At 10 miles above the earth the aerial explorer has taken the first step in man's great dream of voyaging in the Universe.

The journey to the stratosphere has a dreamlike quality. Tea is over in the RAF officer's mess. Your pilot glances at his watch and says "Well, shall we go?"

MY PRESSURE
WAISTCOAT

YOU cross the lawn beneath silver birches. You pass a hedge, heavy with the promise of summer. Then there are the hangars and there is the sleek, silver Canberra, waiting. In the crew room you shed jacket, shoes and tie. Struggle into

the pressure waistcoat which, should the airplane's pressurisation fail at great height, will automatically inflate to give strength to your labouring lungs until you can dive earthwards.

You put on overalls, flying boot. Mac West life-jacket, silk scarf, gloves, gauntlets, inner helmet and oxygen mask and finally the silver, high-domed outer helmet with its transparent anti-glare visor.

Dressed like a spaceman, you follow the pilot and navigator across the rough turf towards the Canberra.

The drowsy smell of sun-warmed grass gives way to the subtle, astringent airplane smell: fuel, rubber, oil, canvas and hot metal.

CHECK YOUR
OXYGEN

SQUEEZE through the narrow hatch and you are strapped tightly to your parachute and inflatable dinghy and then to the airplane itself so that only your arms and legs can move.

Behind sits the navigator with his charts and radar. Beside you the pilot, strapped to his ejection seat, checks the instruments. The hatch slams and you are ready to go.

At the end of the wide, tyre-scarred runway, the Canberra strains at its brakes as power flows through the gas turbines. The brakes are locked and the distant trees at the end of the runway rush towards you.

Copses, fields, hedges, a church, upturned faces, roads



POCOCK IN THE TRAP-
PINGS OF SCIENCE FICTION.

fall away. Upward like a rocket. Layers of thin cloud flicker past. Above, the sky is blue, inviting. Swallow to clear the mounting pressure in your head. Then, on the inter-com, "Twenty thousand feet coming up. Check your oxygen."

The altimeter needle turns. Now you are higher than Everest—30,000 feet.

The sky is blue, clearer. From now on you cannot guess height by eye alone—40,000 feet. "Check your oxygen."

Your body and those of the crew are fused with that of the Canberra. Pilot and navigator give eye and brain to the machine. The Canberra gives oxygen to the lungs, warmth to the blood. It's 50,000 feet.

On the inter-com, loud and harsh. "Your parachute is not automatic. If you bale out up here, count 200 before you pull the rip cord."

"Count 200." The oxygen bottle in the parachute should keep you alive for the four-minute drop to the rich air near the earth.

Already, the earth seems remote, unreal. Already, your life on earth seems as inconsequential as that of Maude

Littlehampton and the Gambols. The altimeter needle turns.

Ten miles above the earth. Few men have been higher. A specially-equipped Canberra has almost reached 60,000 feet.

American experimental rocket-planes, launched from heavy bombers in the stratosphere, have leaped briefly, like flying fish, into the upper atmosphere. Some say they have reached 90,000 feet. Beyond that men have not yet flown.

THE MAP SAYS
"UNKNOWN"

THERE lies the frontier that must be pushed outward until space can break away from the Earth's gravity and the exploration of space can begin. But now the astral charts must be marked. "Unknown." "Here be cosmic rays." "Here be meteors."

The mechanism of the Canberra functions like a healthy body. There are no violent, heroic sensations for the poet to describe.

Beside you, the pilot, his eyes screwed up against the bright sun, seems different from the man with whom you discussed "U" and "non U" over tomato juice before lunch. But for those alert eyes, his body, like yours, is encased in the trappings of science-fiction. But this is science-fiction.

Connection with the Earth seems to be cut. Night is falling and the stars are bright and exciting. At this height it

will never get really dark. All night a wide band of blue and yellow light will lie across the horizon where the rim of the Earth masks the sun.

Then, as you seem to be floating in space, the earth gives a hard tug at invisible reins. The Canberra dives and turns deeply and the force of gravity has you in its grip.

Helplessly, you lie pressed into the cockpit, limbs locked, head thrown back. Vision blurs. Oblivion seems near. The pressure eases as the Canberra comes out of the turn.

"That was 'G'," says the pilot. You have been reminded that you still belong to the earth.

"Check your oxygen." And then, the rasping, metallic voice. "Feel all right? Good. You see, there's no black magic to this high altitude work. Just keep fit, don't over-eat, don't drink alcohol within eight hours of take-off. No black magic."

THE CHALLENGE
IS ACCEPTED

THE glittering Universe looks so inviting. In that infinity of space the imagination finds no fear.

There is no panic-urged longing for the earth. Instead, there is an instinct as old as mankind, the instinct to explore. The challenge is there to accept.

A torch flashes over the fuel gauges. It is time to return to the earth. The Canberra's wings tilt and you swoop down . . . down . . . down . . . towards the cities that shine softly as glow-worms below.

You begin to remember your earth-bound problems. The girl with the exciting green eyes no longer seems as unreal and remote as Cleopatra.

THE INSTINCT
TO CONQUER

BACK on turf. Bright lights in the crew room. The crew's tired, creased faces and sweat-plastered hair. Utter weariness of body. Eggs and bacon in the mess. An ecstatic shower-bath. Then, sleep. Merciful, blissful, deep, deep sleep.

Your journey to the threshold of space has given you more than a sense of achievement. You have experienced the instinct that drove the Vikings across the Atlantic, that urged men to the summit of Everest.

(COPYRIGHT)

STONY STARE
In those days the effect of a stony stare from a monocled eye could be as devastating as the hostile gaze of an intrepid explorer. The monocle was a social weapon as well as a visual aid. Today, however, it seems to have all its old terrors.

All through history, monocles have been associated with a type which, in literature, begins with Sir Andrew Aguecheek and descends through the great Dunderberg to the heroes of P.G. Wodehouse. A manner, rather than a fixed character, hovered about them—a lisp, a stutter, a crowing chuckle, a little trip in the walk and a general loquaciousness and fatuousness.

But while monocles are on the wane in Britain, they are finding admirers in other parts of the world. Consignments have even been sent to West Africa, where society-conscious Africans find they impart an air of dignity.

In America, too, where the monocle has long been regarded as the emblem of the top, the demand has doubled since the war.

(COPYRIGHT)

AFRICANS
FAVOUR
MONOCLES

By
WILSON FERBER

THE monocled Englishman will soon be no more than a legend, according to leading British opticians. It is estimated that Britain's habitual monocle wearers number less than 8,000—a big decline from the Victorian era, when the single eyeglass was the hallmark of the intellectual and the social snob.

The monocle fashion has fallen off steadily during the last 20 years, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the House of Commons. In 1933, more than a score of MPs peered at Britain's problems through monocles. Now, there are only two or three.

Of the 5,000 Englishmen who still wear the distinctive eyeglass, it is doubtful whether any of them is expert enough to flip his monocle into the air like a coin and catch it in the eye as it falls, as the Pleading Johnnies of yesteryear were supposed to do.

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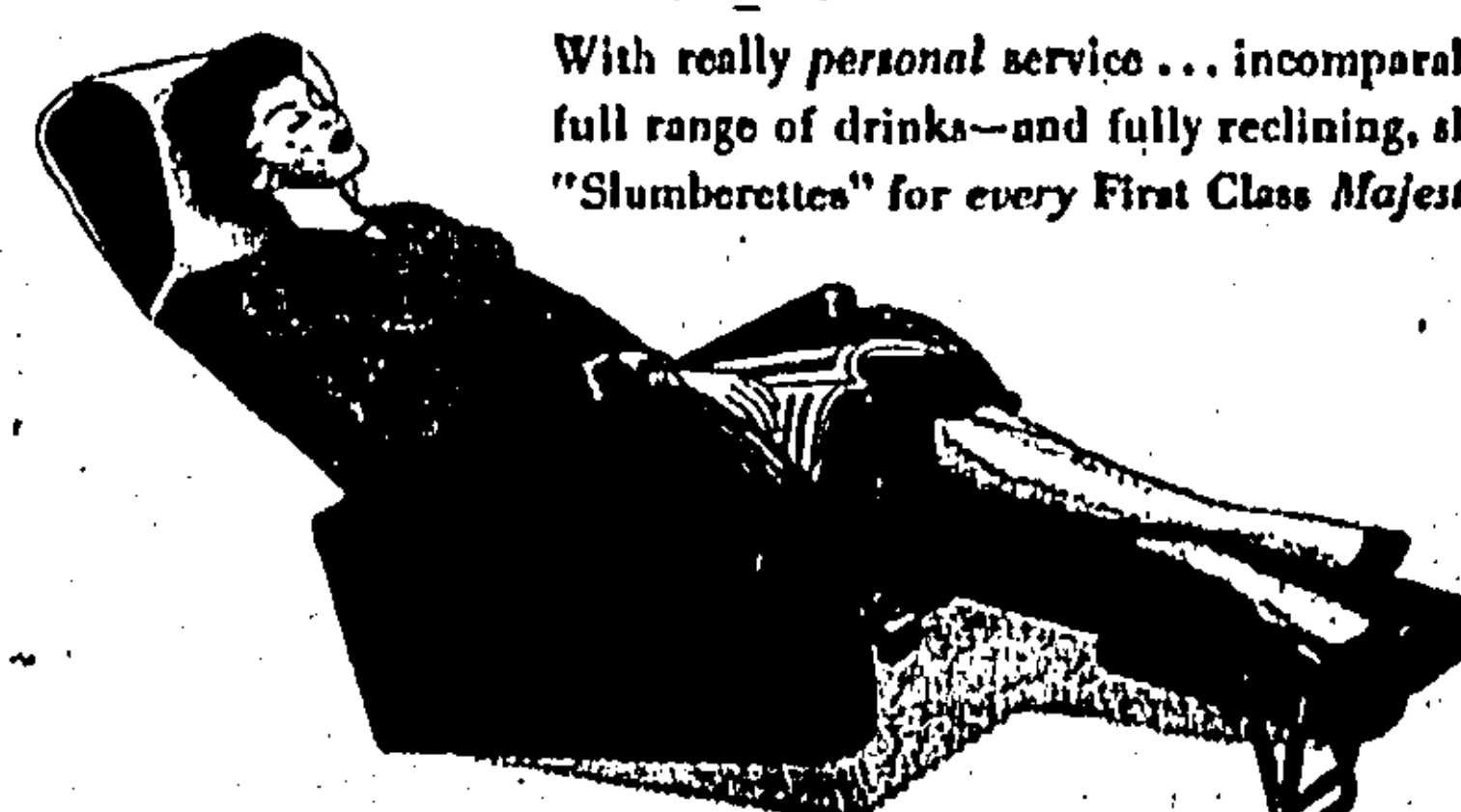
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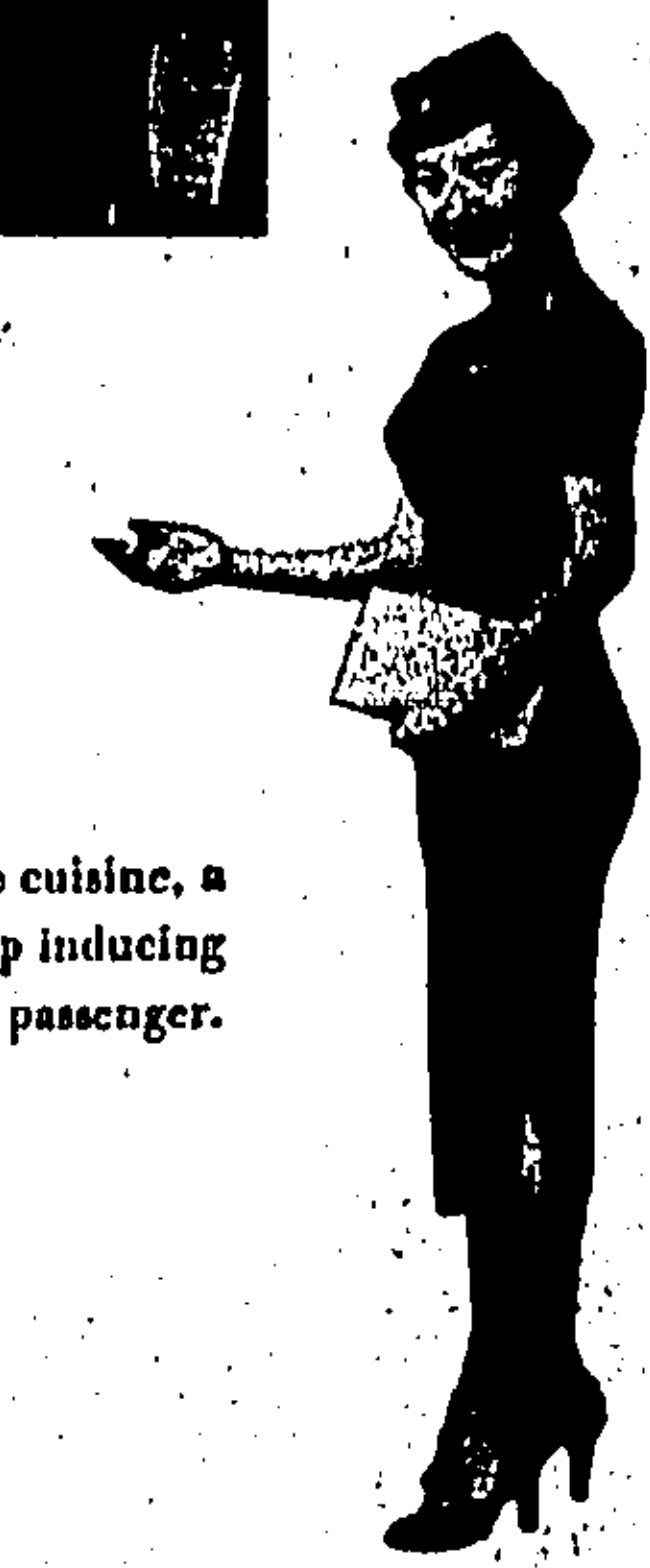
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LIFE
WITH
ALLEN

THE NIGHT WATCH

—By—

GERALD ALLEN

"KEEP next Tuesday free," said my wife at breakfast. "Why?" I asked warily.

"Mrs Barnes has asked us to baby-sit with little Hugh."

"Is that the little horror with red hair and a permanent smirk who banged a drum all last Sunday?"

"He's just a bit high-spirited," my wife said quickly. "He's a sweet youngster really—only yesterday the Greys were saying what a fine little chap he is. The Gunters like him, too. Even old Mrs Moore likes him."

"Boris me why they're not all lining up to sit with him. If he's so marvellous," I grumbled.

"They haven't the time, and it's no hardship for us. We're younger, and haven't any ties," my wife answered, with the smile she reserves to demonstrate what a lovely nature she possesses.

"It's common knowledge I've nothing whatever to do except work like a slave from dawn till dusk," I said bitterly. "Can't we have an hour to ourselves when manageto drag myself home?"

"It's only for one evening, dear."

"It'd better be. Lucas and I both think the Barnes kid will end on the scaffold. Well, goodbye, home usual time."

mumbled, finishing my breakfast as I ran to the station. On Tuesday evening, Barnes greeted us with enthusiasm. "Jolly good of you both," he exclaimed. "The boy's fast asleep already, so you'll have no trouble."

"Famous last words," I said, trying to sound jocular. "Hugh!" said Mrs Barnes sharply. "You'll wake him."

"You'll and some sandwiches," went on Barnes in a sibilant whisper. "And help yourself to anything you want to drink."

"Well, thanks," I said, brightening.

"Fifteen of milk, if you want a hot drink," whispered his wife.

MY brightness faded. "Lemonade, if you prefer it," hissed Barnes.

"Hush! what that Hughie?" Interrupted Mrs Barnes.

As a matter of fact, it was my stomach turning at the thought of the lemonade, but I didn't like to say so, and we all listened for a minute.

"Well, we're off. See you later," whispered Barnes.

"Have a good time!" we chorused.

"Hush! I can't go until I'm sure baby's right off," hissed Mrs Barnes. By this time I was tired of being hearty, and was beginning to dislike Mrs B.—her hissing reminded me of

a snake!—but my wife's shepherdess little Hughie's parents off, and we commenced our vigil.

THE first half-hour was without incident, and we were lulled ourselves into a false sense of security, when there was a sinister bumping noise on the stairs. With reckless courage, I opened the door and rushed into the hall, falling full-length over a wooden engine. When I regained consciousness, I became aware of a malevolent midgelet silently remodeling me. It was the demon Hughie.

My wife picked up the little angel.

"Did the silly man frighten you?" she cooed.

A baton charge by mounted police wouldn't frighten Hughie, but he fastened on the words. "Silly man, silly man," he drooled, pointing a small finger. "Nasty man!" he added, as an afterthought.

"Uncle's a nice man really," my wife said hastily, after a glance at his face. "Uncle, tell Hughie a story?"

"No," said Hughie.

"Yes, dear," said my wife firmly, as I did.

It was a rather complicated story, starting off with a high moral tone, being all about a good little boy and a naughty little boy. But not being able

to bear the sneer on the midgelet's face, I threw in bits from Edgar Allan Poe and other masters of the macabre, and the result seemed to please the child. He insisted on some grisly additions of his own, but I achieved a fleeting popularity.

All suggestions as to "beddies" were ignored by Hughie, however, and a proffered cup of warm milk was rejected with such violence that the liquid dripped from the ceiling for the rest of the evening.

We then played trains—this pastime consisting of his slamming me on the shins with the wooden engine. By bribing him with the sandwiches, we managed to inveigle him into playing "Snakes and ladders."

At which he cheated so blatantly that there is little doubt that he will go far when he grows up, always provided that the law doesn't catch up with him.

FINALLY, he became drowsy, but managed to summon up enough energy to untie my shoelaces and hit me on the head with a plate when I stooped to do them up again.

Apart from half strangling my wife with her necktie when she was tucking him in, Hughie was put back to bed without further incident, and it looked as though our troubles were over.

Once or twice we crept out to the hall and listened breath-

lessly, but all was quiet, and we had quite a nice lazy couple of hours. We had that relaxed, refreshed feeling that one sometimes gets after a storm. We even got round to saying that Hughie was a likable little rascal, and that it was only natural for four-year-olds to be boisterous.

At about half-past ten, we switched on the radio. That was an error of the first magnitude. We should have been on the alert all the time, our ears to the ground.

When Hughie's parents returned at eleven-thirty, they were met by a gentle waterfall descending the stairs. Angel Child was playing boogie with his father's bowler hat in the overflowing bath. The taps must have been on ever since we'd first turned on the radio.

We spent two solid hours mopping up, and Mrs Barnes never stopped telling me it was all my fault. Everybody but Hughie caught a frightful cold, but from the way his mother carried on you'd have thought I'd tried to drown the child. I can't think why the idea hadn't come to me.

The only bright spot was that Hughie frightened his mother to death, telling her the story I'd told him.

We're not really on speaking terms with the Barnes any more.

GUNTHER tells me his wife has arranged for them to look after Hughie one evening next week. I'm actually looking forward to hearing him tell me about it.

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Through My Lens with JACK CARDIFF

THE MEN WORRY MORE!

—WHEN THE CAMERAS ARE TURNING ON THEM

"TELL me," I said to Jack Cardiff, "who worries most about the way they look—the women you have filmed, or the men?"

Cardiff thought no longer than a second or two. "Oh, the men of course," he said. "I dread the mornings when they've been out the night before. Those bloodshot eyes look so bad in a close-up."

But cameramen have methods of dealing with that night-before look. Cardiff says: "It's the magic drops that do the trick."

I asked for information. "Well, we have eye drops which we give them three times a day which shrink the veins and make the eyes clear and bright. All the men I

JACK CARDIFF has filmed in colour the most famous stars in the world from Dietrich to Loren, from James Mason to Tyrone Power. Today, in this series presented by DAVID LEWIN, he reveals more secrets from the film sets.

have worked with use them when they've been out late. Can only think of a couple who don't—that's James Mason and Jack Hawkins."

The women often have other problems with their eyes. Shooting a film means a concentration of hissing lamps and sharp bright lights have to glare right into the eyes.

The stars who come from the stage or cabaret or the ballet

like Dietrich or Maria Shearer and are used to having spot-lights trained on them—do not worry.

"But Ann Gardner found the light quite painful," says Cardiff. "For one out-of-door scene by the sea I had to cover the beach with yards of black gauze to stop any reflections on her eyes. And for James Mason—her co-star—I not only had to cover the beach but I rigged up black net over his head to

keep out the glare from the sky. "It is easier—so much easier—with Tyrone Power. Because of the set of his eyes you can put a light slap in his face and he doesn't complain."

"Power is one of the best to work with. Professional—completely master of what he does. I've seen him stroll on the set in the morning putting on his own make-up without the aid of a mirror—he knew his face well enough for that."

ROW MADE TY FURIOUS

THE only thing which affects Ty Power is incompetence. On "Black Rose" the director wanted a certain look of anger on Power's face for a close-up. After several takes it still wasn't right. The director, Henry Hathaway, beckoned Jack Cardiff into a corner.

"We worked out an idea together," says Cardiff. "I started a quarrel during the next take with one of the camera crew about the placing of a Globe—a light shield. It was a silly row and Power was furious. His face showed his anger. The director said 'Cut,' and he had got exactly what he



To get real anger on Tyrone Power's face, Jack Cardiff "fired" a row on the set. The trick worked and Ty's eyes blazed with real fury.

wanted. Not even now does Ty know I started that row on purpose. On "Black Rose"—out in the desert of French North Africa—a remarkable group was filming. There was Orson Welles, and the Cardiff lot noted: "Always try to photograph him three-quarters profile. That is his angle."

ORSON DID NOT SEEM TO CARE

JACK Cardiff says: "Orson was either hyper-sensitive or had the air of not giving a damn about the way he looked. While we worked on 'Black Rose' he was shooting his own film, 'Othello' round the corner in the desert and at the same time talking to me about co-directing 'Ulysses' with him later on. ('Othello' has just been shown and his 'Ulysses' hasn't been started.)"

And directing the picture was Henry Hathaway—a director of the tough old Hollywood school. "We had an English cast, as well as Power and Welles on the picture," says Cardiff, "and Hathaway had his own ideas about the way they should deliver their lines. Ideas which had nothing in common with the Old Vic style or RADA. 'The Hathaway method' which he asked English actors to adopt was to say every line as though they were adding the words 'you dirty rat' after it. So if the line would be 'Pass the salt' it should not be said as though the word 'please' followed. 'The Hathaway classic, though, was when he explained to Jack Hawkins—an experienced stage actor—what his attitude should be to Orson. 'You're not to be afraid of Orson. You're suspicious of the guy, see,' said Hathaway. 'Something stinks in Denmark stuff.'"

In the desert on "Black Rose" in Africa... in Mexico... in London, Rome, Madrid.

and round the world Cardiff has been behind his camera, placing his lights, bringing people and events into focus. On the public face of it, it has been a line of big pictures and bigger successes. "Not really," says Jack Cardiff with one of those broad smiles. "I've had failures too. I filmed Michael Wilding and made him go green. I'd always thought there was a bit too much red in colour photography—the faces come out so red. So I experimented with Wilding and used green lighting and make-up. It didn't work."

REALITY OUT OF FOCUS

"I WAS breaking the rules again. I always believe in breaking the rules in photography. 'I tried to learn from my mistakes. When I was very young in the business I was working on 'As You Like It' with Laurence Olivier as the star. The cameraman was ill and I was asked to light a close-up of Olivier. I didn't think. 'I cut the light too high—and Olivier, who was in his twenties at the time, came out looking like a cross old man. My fault. Then the cameraman came back, swung a light or two around and made Larry look like an angel.'"

"Sometimes my mistakes are deliberate. I spent six months in a lifeboat at sea with Pat Jackson, the director, filming the war picture 'Western Approaches.' I shot several scenes out of focus—to get the feeling of grim reality."

"On 'Black Narcissus' I went out of my way to make mistakes for dramatic effect. People said I was crazy when, if the dawn light was red, I used green shadows and if the sun was golden yellow, I'd use blue shadows."

"The effect was exactly what I wanted—coolness contrasted with warmth. (He did not add that the result won him a Hollywood Oscar.)"

I HIT THE KING IN THE NOSE

"PERHAPS the most embarrassing mistake was when I was in the unit which filmed the 1937 Coronation in colour. We went along to Buckingham Palace afterwards to photograph the King."

"I ran out a tape measure from the camera to get the right distance to fix the focus. I ran out the tape so fast I hit the King in the nose. 'Did you have to do that?' asked the King. 'You could go to the Tower for that,' said Baldwin, the Prime Minister."

NEXT SATURDAY: The Secret of The Eyes

NOW ATOM MILK IS ON THE WAY

By EDWARD TROW

HOW would you like a pint of atomic milk? Don't laugh. It's a possibility. Top-flight scientists at Harwell research station have been treating milk with radioactivity.

So treated, the milk keeps fresh and does not lose its taste for at least 10 days.

Next week the Milk Marketing Board headquarters at Thames Ditton, Surrey, will be getting a full report on the experiments. They have been going on for some time, but only last week it was made known that they are near completion.

Observers in the know forecast that within five years, or maybe three, milk will be left on the doorstep once a week as a result of the scientists' discoveries.

This would certainly be a boon to the dairymen, who are desperately short of milk roundsmen. Record supplies of milk are coming from the dairy farms these days. And there will be more.

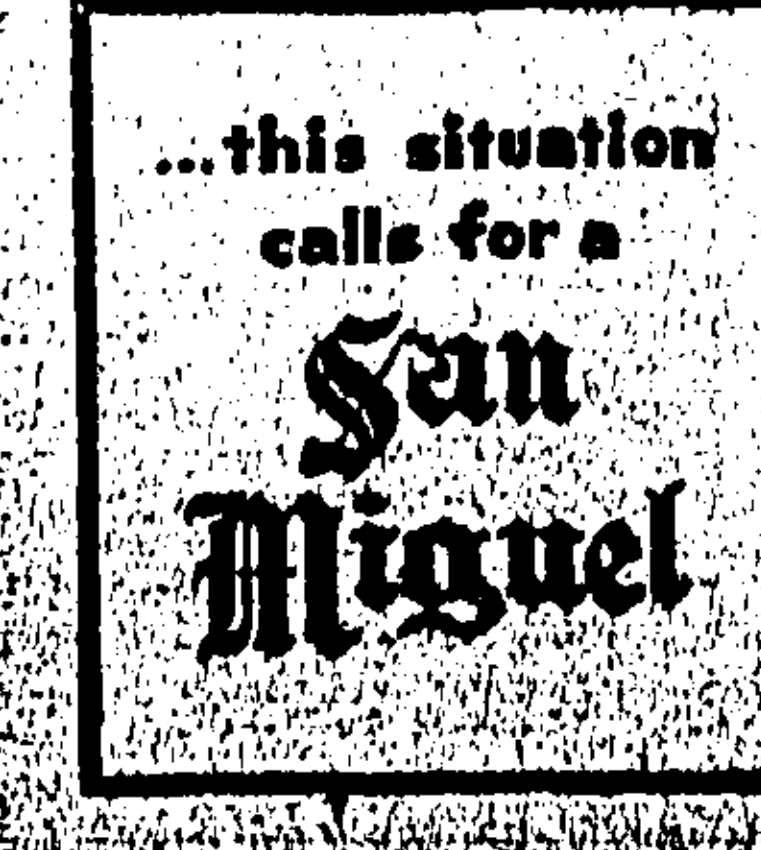
Figures so far are: January—140.5 million gallons, compared with 133.7 at the same time last year; February—140.5 million gallons, last year—120.8.

March, April, and May figures are expected to be up, too.

Seems odd that three years ago the call to the dairy farmers from Whitehall was for more milk. Now it is: "Don't produce too much."

Next Saturday: The Last Years

JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a San Miguel

JAMES ANDERSON tells one of the world's strangest stories

What Happened to Miss Canning?

Two hundred years ago all London was asking that question... It was the subject of more than 30 pamphlets and broad-sheets at the time and has since been described in detail by at least 20 authors

THE door of a mean dwelling in Aldermanbury creaked slowly open. Into the flickering candlelight crept the bed-ragged figure of a young girl.

She was as "black as a chimney stack," with blood congealed on one ear. Round her head was an old handkerchief; on her emaciated body a dirty ragged bedgown. Her flesh was bluish as though from a beating. Elizabeth Canning had come home, and in a weak, faltering voice she told her story.

It is more than 200 years since she blurted out what she alleged had happened to her in the four weeks following New Year's Day, 1753, but experts still argue over her strange story.

Elizabeth Canning's home was in a tall narrow house near an old gate in London

escaped by forcing open a window pane, climbing on to a shed and then dropping to the ground, cutting her ear in the process.

Who were the women who forced her into the darkened room? Elizabeth Canning could not say, but one who heard her story declared: "A guinea to a farthing she has been to Mother Wells."

Mother Wells was a notorious bawd who lived in a house of ill-repute in Enfield Wash on the Hertfordshire road. Elizabeth was escorted there, pointing to a tall old woman huddled over the fire smoking a pipe, identified her as the woman who cut off her stays.

When the woman stood up she revealed herself to the investigators as "inconceivably hideous and swarthy, like a gypsy." Her name was Mary Squires, commonly known as "Gypsy."

Mother Wells and Gypsy Squires were arrested. They appeared before novelist Henry Fielding, then the Bow Street magistrate, and were named as the persecutors of Elizabeth Canning. Later, at the Old Bailey, Squires was sentenced to death; Wells to be branded in the hand.



But, fact by fact, the story of Elizabeth Canning was beginning to crumble. Thirty-six people came forward to say that on New Year's Day, 1753, they saw the gypsy "Abbessbury, Dorset; investigators noticed—perhaps belatedly—that there was no shed below the window through which the girl said she escaped, and people doubted that she could live for a month on one loaf of bread and a pitcher of water."

Sir Crisp Gascoyne, Lord Mayor of London, secured for Squires a free pardon, and a year later Elizabeth Canning stood in the same dock accused of perjury.

Poor, innocent victim of a dreadful crime—or hardened perjurer? Elizabeth Canning: a contemporary portrait.

Wall. There she spent the early years of her life before going as servant to a family nearby.

A complete nonentity—yet the central figure in a mystery that soon set London by the ears. It asked then, as students of criminology do today: "Was Elizabeth Canning a perjurer or was her incredible story of imprisonment in a dark loft with the threat of murder hanging over her true?"

And if her story was false, another question mark looms down the years: Where did the sawyer's daughter go in the month that people searched and prayed for her?

The mystery begins at nine p.m. on New Year's Day 203 years ago. At that time Elizabeth left her aunt, to whom she had paid a visit at the corner of Houndsditch near the Blue Ball public house.

This, according to Elizabeth Canning herself, is what happened.

About an hour after she had left her aunt she was attacked by two men in Moorfields. They stripped her of her gown, Elizabeth lost consciousness. She was taken, by what means she did not know, to a house on the "Hertfordshire road." There some women robbed her of her stays and forced her into an upper room when she refused to lead an "immoral life."

In the room was a pitcher of water and a loaf of bread. On this meagre fare Elizabeth said she lived until January 29 when, at four in the afternoon, she

So far eight long days the honour of Elizabeth Canning was argued. The jury retired. When they returned their verdict of "Guilty of perjury but not wilful and corrupt" was not accepted by the Recorder.

Their second verdict was just one word: "Guilty." She was banished for seven years to New England.

Before she left the dock she said in a low voice: "I had no intention of swearing the gypsy's life away; what I have done was only defending myself."

For the last act before leaving England was to issue a statement in which she declared: "I remain at this instant of time fully persuaded and well assured that Mary Squires was the person who robbed me and that that house where I was confined was Mother Wells."

She was transported to New England in August 1754, there to marry an "opulent Quaker." She died in 1773 of Weathers-dale, Connecticut, and with her died the truth about the month in which Elizabeth Canning vanished from London. (COPYRIGHT)

By Frank Robbins

WHY DYLAN THE CONCHIE CHANGED HIS MIND

DURING the war Dylan and Caitlin lived mainly in London, in a Chelsea studio, in Chiswick—"never more than £1 a week rent," Mrs Caitlin Thomas told me. Dylan was working on documentary films.

It has been said that he was a conchie and a Communist. The truth is that he was an ardent pacifist on humanitarian grounds but had no political affiliations.

According to Augustus John, he once joined the Communist Party, but withdrew when he found he would be expected to make his work a propaganda medium.



By the window that gave the best view in the world, Dylan sat in the shed alone, wrestling for the words he wanted.

JOHN MARSHALL continues the story of the most fantastic character of our time.

hatred of the raids and the folly and tragedy of death and destruction they brought. "Why must they do it?" he would cry out in rage and anguish—and it was clearly not of himself he was thinking.

For in the midst of the wild side of his life, the harum-scarum, pot-and-bottle round, he would reveal himself a man of deep compassion. A hungering would affect him profoundly, irrespective of the circumstances of the crime. One of his most moving readings was "Sacco and Vanzetti," a poem by Alan Lewis, who was killed in India, about the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

Anguish

EACH objector, asked his grounds, in a "little, mean voice," replied, "I am a pacifist." Each, asked what he was prepared to do, replied, "In an even meaner little voice," "Nothing."

Dylan left the tribunal determined not to join such a band, and, when called for his medical, he signed for the Army, stipulating that he must be a "never-fighter." He was graded C3 on account of scars on his lung, and was not called up.

Black in Chelsea, he understandably preferred the pub to the studio when the raids were on, and proved himself an aggressive pacifist, especially if there were any smug comments on the war.

He would bang his pint pot down and have a go at the biggest man in the bar if he repeated anything he said—he would "pew" attack physical weakness. He was no less and no more scared than the rest of us, but he had a passionate

little had changed. There were the china-dog ornaments Dylan liked, his books here and there, a conventional selection of novels, family pictures everywhere, jazz records, toys, and, sad, sloppy old Mabel, the dog he named after a schoolmaster.

Dylan adored his family though he was hardly a model father, leaving everything in the way of upbringing, schooling, and paying the bills (when possible) to his wife. He was not always tolerant if they were noisy. At times when exhausted from long hours of composition or late nights he would retire to bed for two or three days, fortifying himself with bread and milk which, oddly, he liked. Then would he roar down with that great voice of his, commanding silence from the bolshie children.

After the rest, reinvigorated, he would stride up to the lonely shed where he worked, a bottle of light ale protruding from each pocket, and ample supply of cigarettes and sweets. From his bare working table, still there, he looked across the river and the little window to his right had the best view in the world—across to "St John's Hill" above the heads of the "holy stalking herons," the cormorants, gulls, sandpipers, and curlews on the "heron-priested shore."

Hard work

HE would remain many hours in the shed alone, wrestling for the words he wanted. Genius does not come like a fountain. Writing poetry is, in fact, a ferociously arduous

Some poems were written many times before the final version—"Fern Hill," for instance, about 200 times. When told this Dylan wrote five lines a day. Dylan said "That's fast. I do three at the most."

Only the compulsion of a debt deluge sent Dylan to do "a bit of boozing," as he described of boozing. Though he was abominable about other appointments—he would promise to speak at dinners and then fail to appear just because he hated such functions—he was punctilious about his broadcasts. Only once he failed to report, at any rate at the right place.

He was due at Cardiff but turned up in a London studio. There was a formidable flap and arrangements were made for an expensive relay. Dylan read poems not on the list and up went the royalties. It was one of the BBC's costlier programmes.

(COPYRIGHT)

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



THE ONE-PIECE MAILLOT is the swimsuit of the year. In cotton, nylon, or woven wool. On the left, a black nylon maillet with a black satin band under the bust; by Silx. And a maillet in blue denim, by Spectator.

Mandarin Beach Dresses Are The Latest...

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

THE impossible has happened and beach clothes are even better than they were. The summer scene is full of news.

WATCH for Eastern ideas for sarongs, coolie jackets, and narrow Chinese dresses all at the sides.

WATCH for beach dresses to slip on after swimming, newer, to this ready eye, than pants or shorts. You know how the dress has conquered everything this year, showing suits and separates into the background. Will shorts and trousers be the next victims?

WATCH for one-piece swimsuits, with the knitted maillet much the smartest if you can find one.

WATCH for new shapes in beach wraps, from hand-painted flannel to brilliant cotton Turkish shawls.

WATCH for gold mingled with colour. Swimsuits interwoven with gold. Brief circular skirts hand-painted with gold stars. The gold, of course, unobtainable and seaworthy.

THE BOY—ALL ALONE

HE was a very small boy, but not more than eight, obviously wearing his first suit with long pants. He got off the coach at Waterloo Air Terminal, and there was nobody to meet him. He waited a couple of minutes, then marched up to the information desk.

"I am Nicholas," he said. "I have just flown in from Zurich. Mr. — was to have met me, but he doesn't seem to be here. Could you help?"

A message was broadcast through the terminal, and his name was quickly found. He was pleased, but not relieved—he hadn't been worried.

"All the young men are the same," the information man told me. "They fly all over the world, well-behaved and self-possessed. They know what to do if they don't know what to do they ask."

Yes, they ask. Because children aren't afraid of grown-ups any more. Some pompous ass is always telling us what rotten parents we make.

But confidence is one blessed gift we've given our children to offset our crimes.



THE MANDARIN BEACH DRESS is new to slip over swimsuits or shorts. The girl on the left wears Spectator's Chinese dress of blue and white cotton. The girl on the right has a Chinese tunic of blue printed cotton lined with lacquer red; from Harvey Nichols—London Express Service.

FEET GO GAY THIS SUMMER

FEET are going gay with a vengeance this summer.

Beach sandals in raffia present a riot of colour, often in harlequin combination straight from Italy. Town shoes in the new hi-lo kids or utapuf suede match or contrast with the pastel shades or bright prints of summer dresses.

For the evening, silver and gold kid "ballet" sandals with the highest and finest of heels compete at the popularly polished with real "glass" slippers" tipped with needles of brilliantly coloured flowers, a single water lily, or a tuft of humble daisies.

DECEPTIVE

Heels, except for the most casual wear, are becoming ever finer and ever higher at any rate in appearance. For it must be admitted that appearances are sometimes deceptive and the art of the shoemaker makes the heel look higher than it really is. In one of the latest collections of popular priced, mass produced

shoes, a London, the Louis "illusion heel" is much in evidence. This elegant version of the much higher Louis heel has the advantage of looking smarter and yet being in reality very little higher than the ordinary stiletto heel. Shop girls and other women who have to stand much of the day at their work find the solution to the conflict between smartness and comfort a great boon.

For those who can wear the popular, hot, high heels, there is plenty of choice this season.

Experiments are being made all the time to discover new ways of combining elegance with strength.

Mr. Edward Rayne, who makes shoes for the Queen and all the other Royal ladies, is offering jewelled heels from France, aluminium heels from Italy and silver heels from the United States, as well as perspex heels to go with the Vinylite ("Bloss") slippers.

One of the newest ideas comes from Dior. This firm is now dipping ordinary laminated wooden heels in molten copper before covering with leather.

(lamination simply means using the grain of the wood in different directions to give more resistance). A slender heel thus treated can be spiked with nails without splitting, whereas a heel without the copper would split all to pieces.

NEW SILHOUETTE

In actual wear, Doles have found that they have had far fewer breakages with these copper-coated heels.

Some silhouettes remain much the same this season as last, except for the addition of a new "triangle" court shoe which made its debut in the Rayne and Miss Rayne summer collections and is now appearing in the mass-produced ranges of Bata.

This silhouette achieves a triangle on the front of the foot by means of a sharp, pointed toe and square cut-out below the instep.

Another innovation launched in the Rayne collection is white kid court shoes with coloured plastic sole and coloured heels. A particularly smart pair has red plastic soles, with heels covered in matching coloured leather. Other models come in yellow, green, blue and pink.

A new device which helps to hold the "very naked" evening sandal to the foot is a sorbo rubber pad fixed into the sole of the shoe. This, together with a suede insole, goes far towards solving the problem of "the slipping slipper."

EXTREMES

Shoes this summer go from one extreme to the other—from the highest and finest heels yet invented to "flaties" with no visible heel at all.

One of the latter, in the Bata collection of summer shoes, has the new square-cut throat, finished on the outside of each foot with a button. Also on show is a highly flexible tubular moccasin in textured leather with tiny popper pot perforations.

Raffia, the favourite material for beach sandals this year, is used in combination with a micro-cellulose shoes made up of millions of air cells and from rubber for a holiday shoe with yellow, pink, blue and orange stripes and upturned toe, reminiscent of Turkey. These shoes are fastened with white laces finished with coloured beads.

The Turkish influence appears again in television slippers which have an upturned Turkish toe and gold embroidered pointed apron. —China Mail Special.

THAT SAND IN THE SANDWICH!

THIS is what it said: "They went for a ride in a surrey with a fringe on top, but the jolting upset Grace, so she changed over to a Cadillac."

It was a phrase that leaped out at me as I was reading about that honeymoon. I knew just how the lady felt. For there's always that sand in the sandwich.

If there's one thing a girl learns as she grows older it is that the famously romantic moments are in fact so seldom romantic.

Somewhere into the rosy dream there intrude the harsh practicalities of life—so there was Grace on her honeymoon sitting beside her prince in a surrey with fringe on top, and she felt sick.

DREAM COMES TRUE, BUT —

SOMETIMES a girl dreams of a lonely picnic, just the two of you, miles from anywhere. The sun is shining, the view is terrific, the wine uncorked and the cold chicken spread out. And then your escort suddenly exclaims: "Hell, I've gone and forgotten the cigarettes."

Casely Girls used to dream of finding themselves in a private supper room, sitting beside the Czar, when imperiously he demands their tiny slippers and drinks champagne out of it.

But the only person I know for whom this dream came true, actress Ruby Miller told me she caught an awful cold afterwards from wearing damp shoes.

There's the nymph-in-a-pool dream. Somehow it seems so romantic to dive into the blue

ex-beau at some moment when she is looking immeasurably more desirable than in the days when he knew her and escorted her by the kind of chap he can't help respecting? I can only say that when it happened to me it was the day I'd been left to lug the laundry round on my own.

Grace Kelly was luckier than most of us. She managed to retrieve the situation. She had a Cadillac handy.

KITCHEN GADGETS UNLIMITED

THE latest kitchen in the news belongs to a well-to-do politician with an enthusiasm for food. And when a man like this designs his own kitchen, you can rely upon it he'll have every gadget ever invented.

The little woman may have to scrape along with only brain power and elbow grease to help her, but when a man gets into the kitchen he likes to treat the place as a workshop and fit himself out with every imaginable tool for the job.

Listed below are more than 30 of the latest gadgets, devices, and ideas contained in the kitchen designed by Mr. Ernest Marples for Mr. Ernest Marples — (the M.P. who got engaged recently).

1. Ceiling in three colours—mushroom blue, and white.
2. Green plastic dresser tops.
3. Two stainless steel sinks.
4. Waste disposal unit built into one of the sinks.
5. Dishwasher.

6. Decanting machine—Marples's special love (see photo).
7. Fridge built into wall.
8. Deep freeze.

9. Thermostatically-controlled de-ice for fryer.
10. An extractor fan to remove cooking fumes.

11. Gas cooker and solid fuel cooker.
12. Fourteen cooking knives, including palette knives, mostly French, of stainless steel (can't sharpen it properly).

13. Spice cabinet—32 compartments.
14. Mixer with all the gadgets. Special cupboard under sink for ingredients.

15. Ordinary oval wire salad shaker—French.
16. Seven stainless steel copper-bottomed saucepans—Swedish.

17. Special "poetry corner" with marble-topped dresser and cupboard full of poetry and



THE ODDEST GADGET

Direct concealed light over it and air conditioner to keep this corner at a cool temperature.

18. Tumble drier to dry clothes.
19. Danish cutlery.

20. Blackboard hanging on the door with reminders written on it: Costa Rica coffee, glaze cherries, pearl buttons, curtains.

21. Three tall cupboards, kitchen, store, china.
22. Special corner where you can eat and drink.

23. Wood table never polished, just washed down, because it is sealed against heat and stains.

24. Radiogram extension from sitting-room with control knob.
25. Garlic press.

26. Cherry stoner.
27. Heavy French kitchen scissors.
28. Massive chopping boards.

29. Copper bowl for beating whites of eggs.
30. Electric wall clock.

31. Infra-red grill.
32. Six entry charts inside kitchen cupboard.

33. Special menu-book. Left side, composition of meal (there are 15 different ways of planning a menu round a leg of lamb), right side the best wine to go with each menu.

For my part although there are at least a dozen ideas in this kitchen that I'd like for my own—I wouldn't want a kitchen quite so like a factory.

I can't forget that when the best chef I ever knew (he was chef at the Ritz, and Maxims in Paris, and at the Reserve in Beaulieu), cooked me a dinner, he didn't use a potato peeler, or a parley chopper or an onion slicer or a salt measurer or a garlic press. He did all five operations with one small sharp knife.

— Anne Edwards

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"Premier Bal", by Christian Dior, is a white orange evening dress embellished with lace. —Agence France-Press.



CAPTAIN J. P. Johansen (left), a well-known shipping figure in the Far East who is going home on retirement, was farewelled at a party held at Jobson and Company's Mess on Monday. Picture shows him with Mr. H. J. Jabsen (centre) and Mr. W. R. K. Collings, Acting Assistant Director of Marine. (Staff Photographer)



WEDDING at the Rosary Church of Mr Carlos Ouang and Miss Alice Ooi. The bride, a keen hockey player, is a member of the Dorians team. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor at the annual dinner of the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors, Hongkong and China Branch, held at the Hongkong Club. The Chairman, Mr G. Graham, is seen in centre. (Staff Photographer)



BRIGADIER Frederick Graham (left), newly-appointed Deputy Commander, Land Forces, Hongkong, saying goodbye to his predecessor, Brigadier R. H. Bellamy, who left the Colony last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



A test for marksmanship at the bazaar held at St Francis School, Kennedy Road, on Sunday last. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs Paul Shiu after their wedding at the Kowloon Tong Church of the Chinese Christian and Missionary Alliance. The bride was Miss Hsi-ming Lim. The newlyweds plan to settle in the United States. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr H.R.O. Hubble and his bride, the former Miss Marianna Evelyn Tyrrell, leaving St Margaret's Church after their wedding. (Staff Photographer)



THE South China Athletic Association's seven-a-side team, who beat Kowloon Motor Bus last Saturday to win the Stanley Shield. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: At a cocktail party given in his honour at the Correspondents' Club, M. Pierre Lazareff (with glasses), editor-in-chief of the Franco-Soir group of papers, meets Mr Leslie Smith. (Staff Photographer)



ABOUT 250 refugees received rice and clothing from Lady Grantham at the Happy Valley Welfare Centre last Sunday. She distributed the gifts on behalf of the Hindu Association. (Staff Photographer)

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BUGLERS sounding the Last Post during the remembrance service held at Stanley Cemetery last Sunday, when members of the Middlesex Regiment Old Comrades Association marked Armistice Day, their regimental day, by the laying of wreaths. (Staff Photographer)

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ON the occasion of Norwegian National Day, the Consul-General for Norway and Mrs Ivar Melhuus were hosts to a large number of leading residents at a midday reception. They are seen here, on right, greeting Mr K. A. Bidmead, Acting Commissioner of Police, and Mrs Bidmead. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture taken after the wedding on Wednesday of Mr Henry M. Mar, of Toronto, Canada, and Miss Dorothy Hung, daughter of Dr Ko-wong Hung, Principal of Ling Ying College. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs Ram G. Hiranand (right), who were married last week, with friends at a cocktail party given at the home of Mrs D. N. Harilala on Sunday. The bride was Miss Rani Harilala. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Dr Kan Pun-shui and Miss Helen Yeung Wai-ying, whose wedding took place at the Registry on Tuesday. (Ming Yuen)

CHRISTENING at the Rosary Church last Sunday of Mark, infant son of Mr and Mrs C. J. R. Dawson. (Staff Photographer)

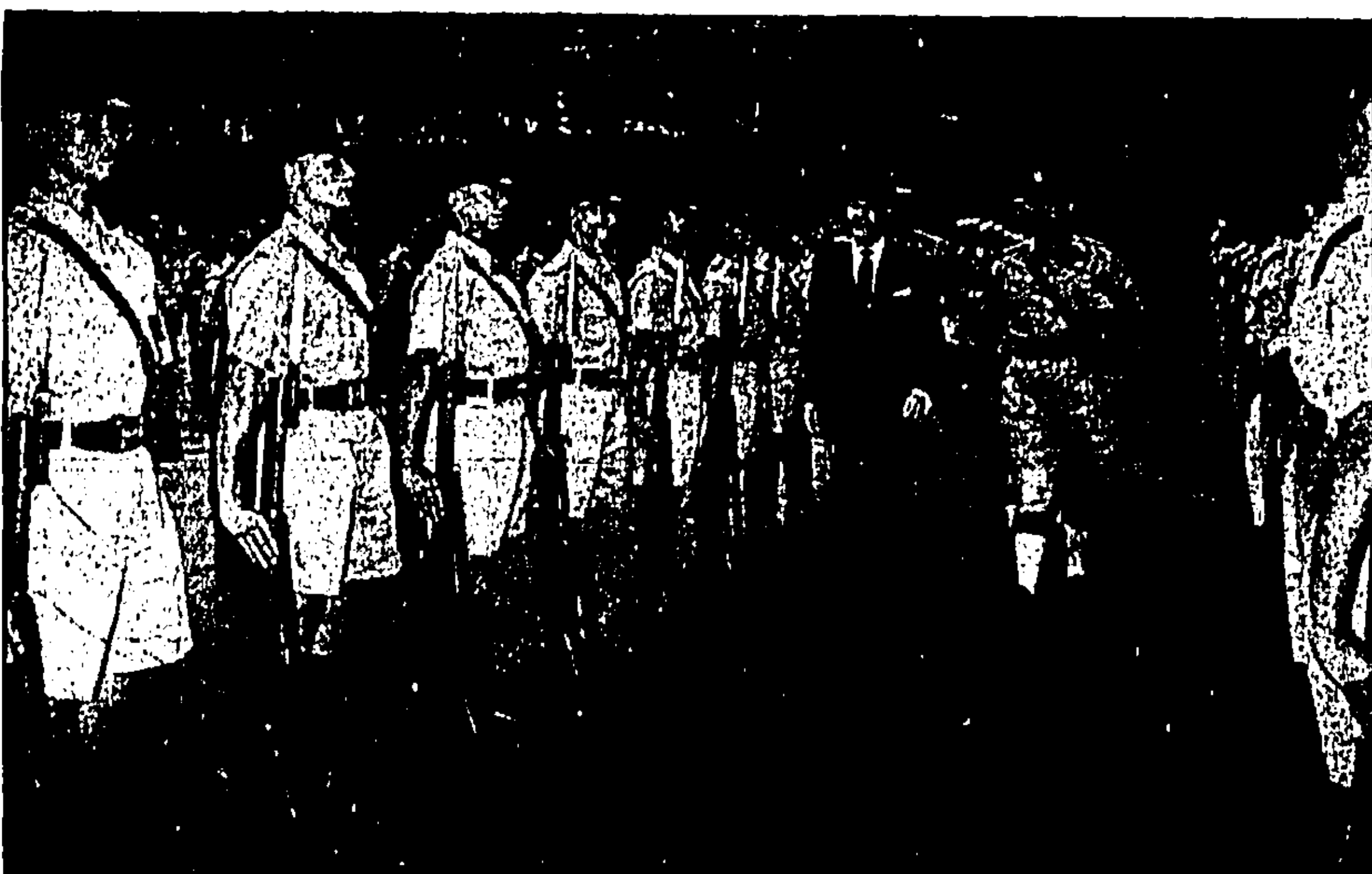


AFTER the laying of the foundation stone of Chung Chi College at Ma Liu Shui, New Territories, last Sunday. The Bishop of Hongkong, the Rt Rev. R. O. Hall, giving his blessing. (Staff Photographer)



THE infant son of Mr and Mrs Alastair Todd was christened Alastair Martin Frederick at St John's Cathedral last Sunday. Many friends of Mr and Mrs Todd were present at the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr and Mrs A. P. Ricci-Pereira, who are leaving for the United States, were presented on Wednesday with a silver caddy set by their colleagues of Coltex, Ltd., with which both have worked for many years. (Staff Photographer)



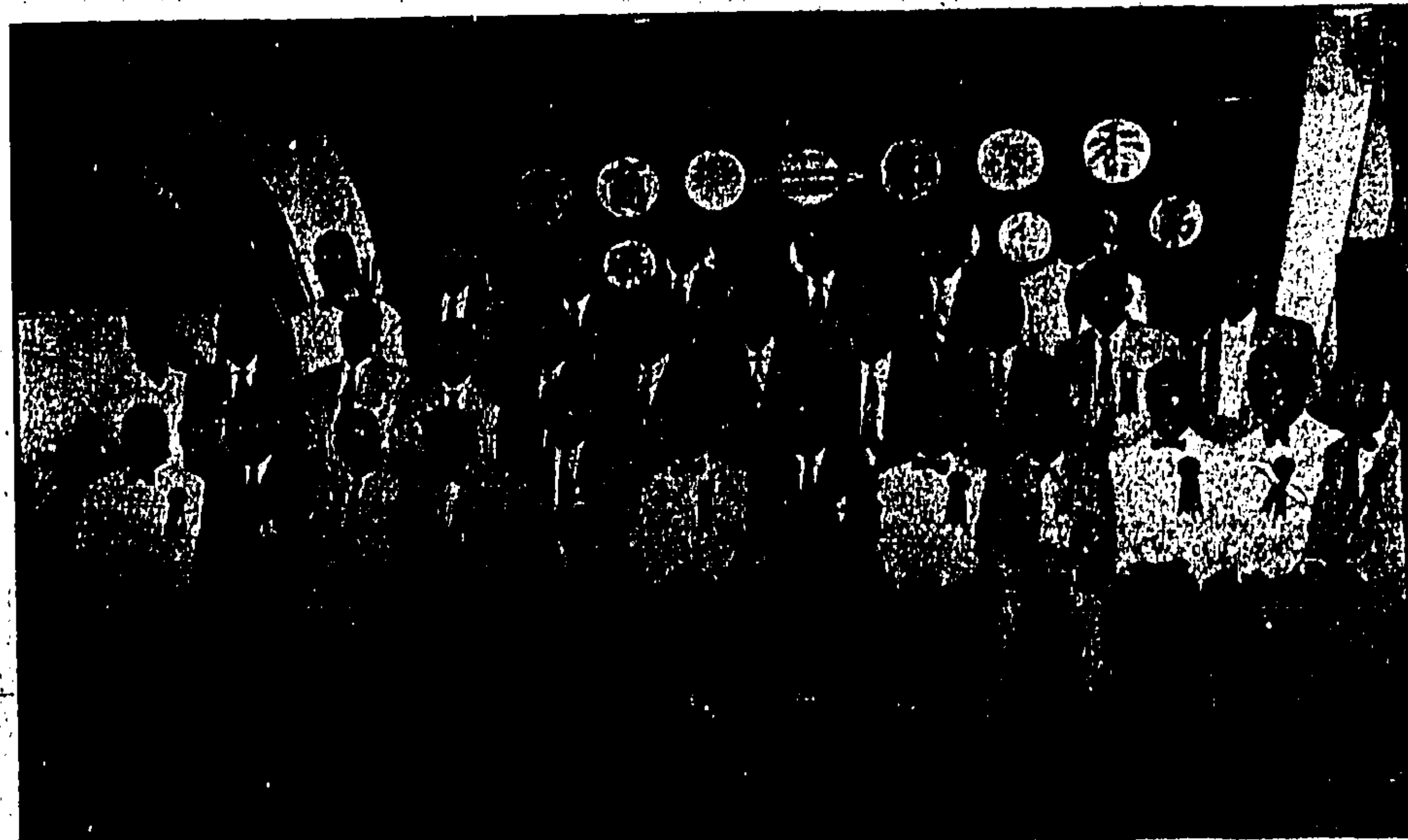
THE Hon. Leo D'Almada took the salute at last Saturday's passing-out parade at the Police Training School, Aberdeen. He is seen inspecting the men on parade. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mrs Sundari Shridharani, one of the foremost exponents of Indian classical dances, as she appeared at the King's College on Tuesday evening. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Members of the Hongkong Weaving Manufacturers' Association and guests at the installation of new officials at the King Wah Restaurant. The weaving industry provides Hongkong's largest single export item. (Staff Photographer)





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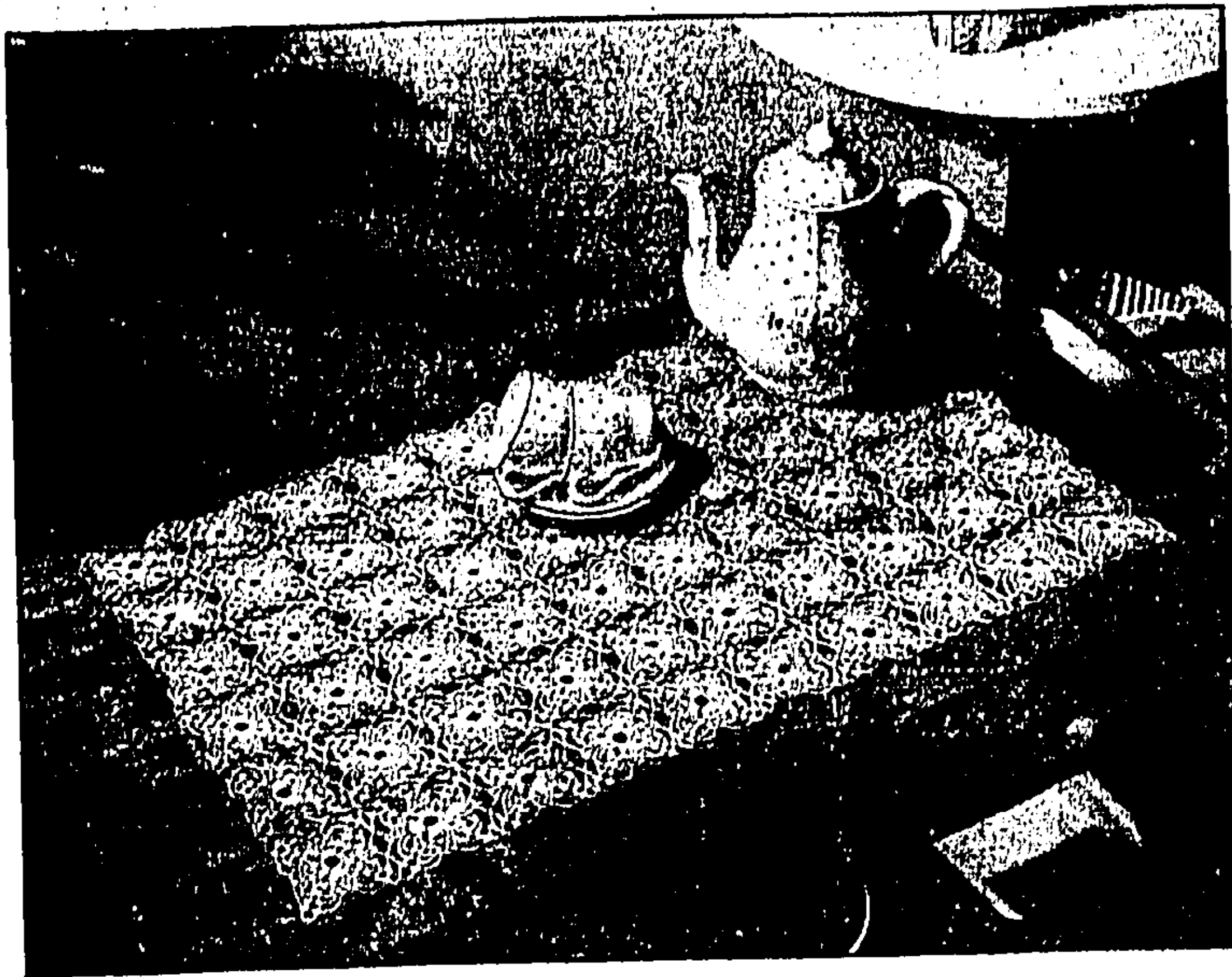
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TROLLEY CLOTH

MATERIALS: Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 grm.) 4 balls selected colour. Milward's Steel Crochet Hook No. 3 (Shack workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½).

TENSION: Size of Motif—2½ in. (5.6 cm.) square.

MEASUREMENTS: 22½ in. x 13½ in. (57 cm. x 34.3 cm.).

ABBREVIATIONS: ch. chain; sc. single crochet; dc. double crochet; tr. treble; dtr. double treble; sp. space.

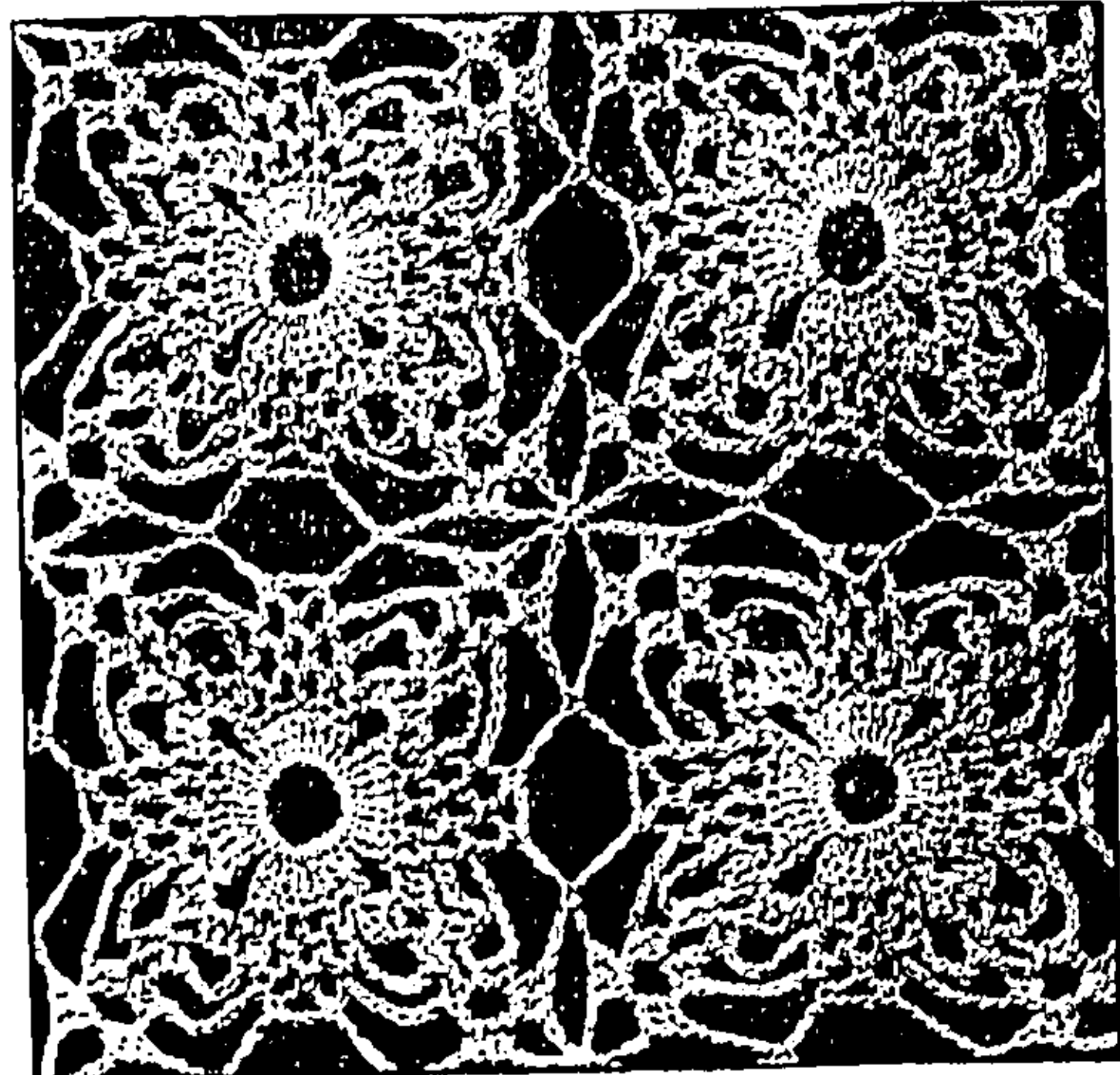
DIRECTIONS

First Motif

Commence with 10 ch. Join with a sc to form a ring.
1st Row: 4 ch. 8 dtr into ring. (5 ch. 9 dtr into ring) 3 times, 5 ch. 1 sc into 4th of 4 ch.
2nd Row: 1 dc into same place as last sc. (3 ch. miss 1 ch. 1 dc into next sc. 1 ch. into next sp. work 2 tr 3 ch and 2 tr. 3 ch. 1 dc into next dtr. repeat from 1st row.)
3rd Row: 1 dc into same place as last dc. (3 ch. miss 1 ch. 1 dc into next sp. work 2 tr 3 ch and 2 tr. 3 ch. 1 dc into next dtr. repeat from 1st row.)
4th Row: 1 dc into same place as last dc. (3 ch. miss 1 ch. 1 dc into next sp. work 2 tr 3 ch and 2 tr. 3 ch. 1 dc into next dtr. repeat from 1st row.)
5th Row: 1 dc into same place as last dc. (3 ch. miss 1 ch. 1 dc into next sp. work 2 tr 3 ch and 2 tr. 3 ch. 1 dc into next dtr. repeat from 1st row.)
6th Row: 1 dc into same place as last dc. (3 ch. miss 1 ch. 1 dc into next sp. work 2 tr 3 ch and 2 tr. 3 ch. 1 dc into next dtr. repeat from 1st row.)
7th Row: 1 dc into same place as last dc. (3 ch. miss 1 ch. 1 dc into next sp. work 2 tr 3 ch and 2 tr. 3 ch. 1 dc into next dtr. repeat from 1st row.)
8th Row: 1 dc into same place as last dc. (3 ch. miss 1 ch. 1 dc into next sp. work 2 tr 3 ch and 2 tr. 3 ch. 1 dc into next dtr. repeat from 1st row.)
9th Row: 1 dc into same place as last dc. (3 ch. miss 1 ch. 1 dc into next sp. work 2 tr 3 ch and 2 tr. 3 ch. 1 dc into next dtr. repeat from 1st row.)
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Treatment For A Nylon Petticoat

A NYLON "paper" tulle petticoat that has lost its stiffness can be restored to its original crispness, says Mrs. Gerda Petersen, extension clothing specialist at the University of Nebraska.
She suggested the following methods:
For "stand alone" crispness, wash and iron the petticoat. When it is completely dry, spread it flat on a table and rub undiluted prepared liquid starch into it with your hands.
Dry the petticoat by pinning it to parallel clothes lines not more than 12 inches apart, making sure the portion of the petticoat pinned to the line is on the straight of the material. Allow it to dry thoroughly. If drying the petticoat outdoors, select a day that isn't windy.
For a little less stiffness, try a solution of one part water to one part liquid prepared starch.
Another method is to use gelatin. Soak one package of gelatin in one cup of cold water. Dissolve with just enough hot water to wet the garment by dipping. Dry the petticoat in the same manner as outlined above.—United Press



HOUSEHOLD HINTS

To protect silver, brass, and copper from tarnishing, against tarnish, clean with soap and water, then apply two thin coats of fresh, white shellac.
Use wax on bamboo fishing rods to keep wrappings from fraying when wet and to guard against salt water. A thin coating of wax on all metal joints will make rods easier to assemble and take down.
Keep the brush roll of your vacuum cleaner free of matted thread, lint and hair. Check it frequently. If you find matted materials, snap them away with a scissors.
Dog and cat hairs, lodged in cracks and crevices, are a good breeding ground for mites. Keep this in mind when you're cleaning, and don't let hairs accumulate.

Salt Will Do The Trick

By Hillary Wentworth

1. To remove the odour of onions from your hands pour a little salt on them and rub well together.
2. An occasional clean with salt and vinegar will prevent your hands from acquiring a sticky smell.
3. When washing black materials, dip them in salt water first to prevent running.
4. Fat will not splutter all over the stove when frying if a little salt is added before it is heated.
5. Remove stains and discolorations inside pots and saucers by rubbing vigorously with a damp cork dipped in salt.
6. Add a little salt to the water when boiling handkerchiefs. This will remove any unpleasantness in their laundering.
7. Small ink stains can be removed easily if the fabric is immediately placed in hot water. The fabric should then be soaked in milk, and later covered with salt. Finally sponge with ammonia water.
8. Add a little salt to the water in which eggs are being poached. This will set the whites.
9. If you add a pinch of salt to a bottle of fresh milk it will keep a much longer time.
10. Stains on china can be removed by rubbing well with a damp cloth dipped in salt.
11. To obtain the best results when making custard use a small teaspoon of salt to each quart of milk.
12. A little salt added to starch before garments are dipped into it will "fix" the starch so that most of it does not blow out when the clothes are hung up to dry on a windy day.

The Only Child Is "Under-privileged"

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

THE only child has received a great deal of sympathy, and also a great deal of blame. Much of this has been exaggerated. It is true that where there is only one child in a family there are problems. These, however, can be met successfully if parents are enlightened and determined. Moreover, there are problems, too, in the family with many children. It is not wholesome to assume that an only child is necessarily going to be an abnormal child in behaviour and in relationships with others.
Perhaps the most significant point about the only child is the likelihood of a lonely, self-centred, and therefore necessarily selfish life. Unless intelligent efforts are made to give the only child playmates of his own age, he grows up at a disadvantage. Every first child is an only child for awhile. When a second child arrives an adjustment becomes imperative, and it is usually made with considerable success.
RELAXED ATTITUDE
Despite the preoccupation of modern young parents with child psychology the fact remains that most children do pretty well even when they are badly handled. I am not advising carelessness or indifference on the part of parents, but I am advising a certain measure of relaxation, because the tiny child is not necessarily going to grow until it ruins the whole child's life for generations.
The only child has a number of advantages. He gets more of the attention of his parents and, therefore, may grow and develop his skills more rapidly. If means are limited, he will not have to share higher education costs with his brothers and sisters. He probably has more material advantages in the way of clothing, playthings, entertainment, and cultural opportunities.
Offsetting these advantages are loneliness and being deprived of the opportunity to react to children of his own age. This may cause a bias in his development unless special measures are taken.
COMPANIONSHIP
Children need child companionship. The large amount of attention which adults may give to an only child is no substitute for the play experiences shared with those of his own age. Given playmates of his own age, he can have secrets, he can make-believe, he can have fights, and he can quarrel—all to his ultimate benefit. By these experiences he learns the kind of conduct which brings rewards as distinguished from that which does not.
When it becomes apparent that a child will probably not have siblings, then the parents need to make special effort to get the child in contact with other children. Neighbourhood playmates may not be desirable, although one should not be in too much of a hurry to decide that little playmates available nearby are undesirable. All children have their undesirable moments, and that includes your own precious only child. Moreover, children sooner or later will meet children of undesirable character and there is no point in protecting them needlessly or excessively from the start. Companionship with other children should be procured through planned means if it is not spontaneously available. The nursery school, the playground and other places where the child can be in contact with other children are important.

TOO MUCH ATTENTION

Over-attention in the form of coddling is no substitute for the child's contact with the child's toys and lots of attention from grown-ups are fine, but they do not take the place of child companionship. The only child is often an under-privileged child no matter how rich he may be in worldly goods. The parents of only children have a somewhat heavier responsibility, but it can be met with intelligence, foresight and determination.

Jumper With Square Neckline

MATERIALS: 6 oz. Sirdar and pink wools. Join white Crepe Wool in white, 1 oz. pink wool and work on last 38 sts. No. 221 and 1 oz. blue No. 176, to match other side.

1 pair each No. 11 and 12 knitting needles.

TENSION: 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 inch on stat. with No. 11 needles.

MEASUREMENTS: To fit up to 36 inch bust. Length—20½ in.

FRONT
Work in stat. (both last row) and increase at both ends of every 5th row 4 times (124 sts.)

POCKET LININGS—make two:
With No. 11 needles and white wool, cast on 30 sts. Work 3 rows in stat., finishing with a purl row. Break wool, leave sts. on a spare needle.

With No. 11 needles and pink wool, cast on 116 sts. Knit 1 row. Join blue wool and (knit 2 rows in blue, knit 2 rows in pink) twice, then knit 2 rows blue, break blue and pink wools, join white wool.

Work in stat. (both last row) and increase at both ends of every 5th row 4 times (124 sts.)

ARM BANDS
Right side facing, and with No. 12 needles and pink wool, pick up and knit 90 sts. around armhole. Knit 1 row. Join blue wool. Knit 2 rows in blue.

5th row: Pink, K38, k2 tog., k18, k2 tog., k38. Knit 1 row pink, 2 rows blue.
6th row: Pink, K37, k2 tog., k18, k2 tog., k37. Knit 1 row pink, 2 rows blue.
13th row: Pink, K30, k2 tog., k10, k2 tog., k30. Knit 1 row pink, 2 rows blue.
17th row: Pink, K35, k2 tog., k10, k2 tog., k35. Knit 1 row pink, 2 rows blue. Cast off in blue. Work a similar band around other armhole.

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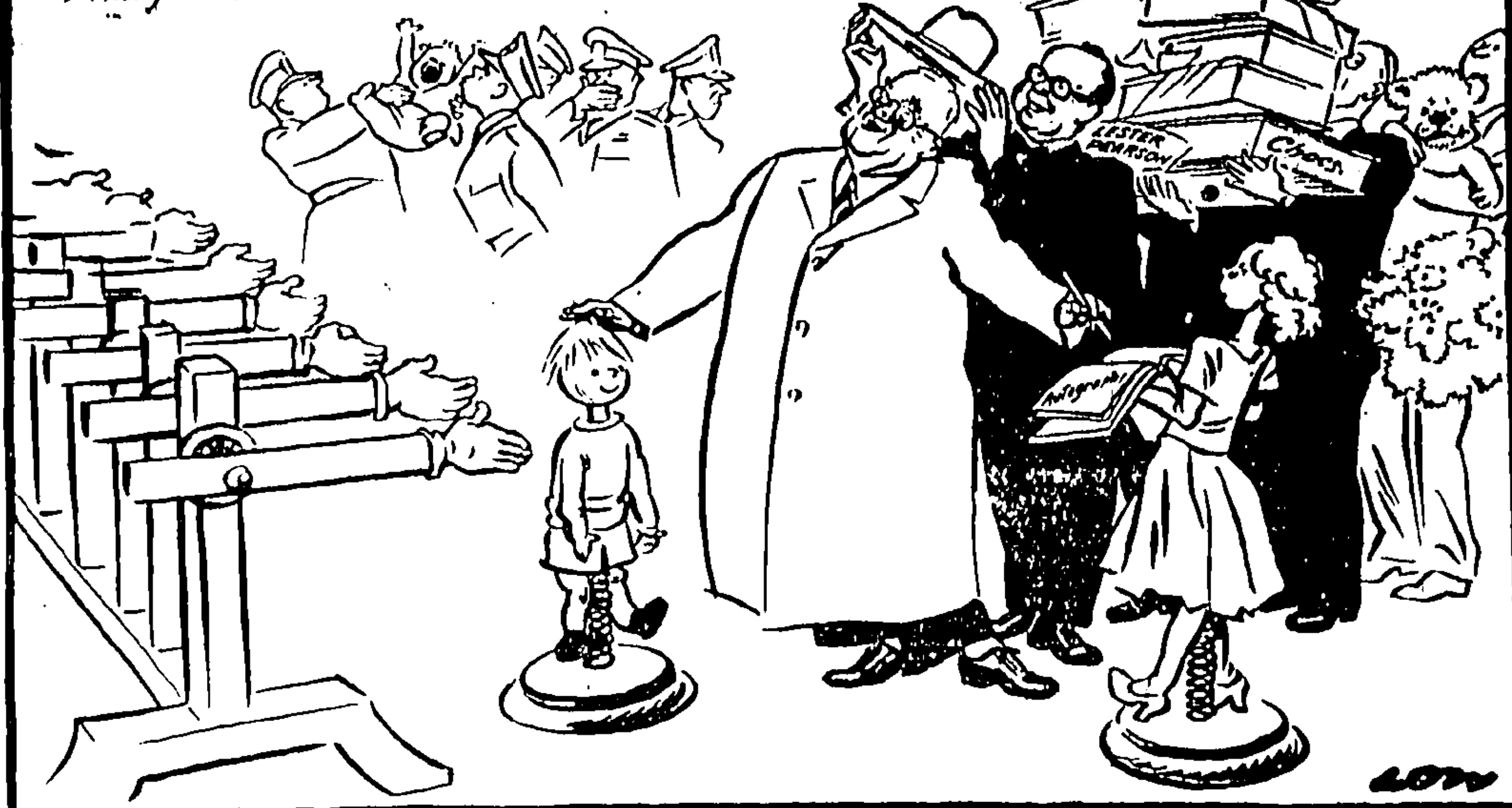
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After the undoubted personal success of the Soviet visitors abroad the competition between Russia and the West may lead in future more to social than military measures.



CHARMAMENT

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I SAY THE ARCHBISHOP HAS GONE TOO FAR



Storm centre: Dr. Fisher.

by the Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, CH., M.P.

ON two issues our much respected Archbishop of Canterbury has recently got himself into trouble. 1. On the modest Bill brought in by a Labour MP to legalise certain minor lotteries. On this the Archbishop, in addition to opposing the Bill, took the opportunity in the Lords to deliver a major attack on the Government's premium bond proposal; and 2. Round about the same time the Archbishop got himself into the Cyprus tangle. He was thought to be making mischief between the Prime Minister and the Colonial Secretary, but this he has denied and his denial must be accepted. However, it shows how easy it was for him to be misunderstood on a matter which even the politicians on both sides of the Commons are having to handle with some care.

Has Dr Fisher then overstepped the line for an Archbishop or has he not? He is not a local person. Many of them speak freely about politics or local controversial issues on one side or the other. They often upset the "other side" but I would not like the local persons to be gagged. Church of England clergymen are probably more free to speak their minds than the persons of any other denomination.

And that's not a bad thing.

Special case

THE Dean of Canterbury—sometimes confused with the Archbishop abroad—is rather another matter.

I don't follow his abnormal mind. How he manages to reconcile totalitarian Communism and the Police State with the kindly teachings of Jesus of Nazareth I just can't understand.

But the Archbishop is in a special category.

He is the head of the Established Church. He has close relations with the Crown. He crowns the Monarch at the Coronation. He has fairly close relations with the Government of the day—whether Tory or Labour. He is no doubt consulted about the appointment of bishops by the Prime Minister.

The Archbishop has the privilege of high precedence on ceremonial occasions. He is not only a great public figure; he holds a unique and outstanding position in the nation.

And by its nature that unique position should, I think, keep him out of sharp party political controversy. He has to live with people of all parties at the top of politics.

Archbishop Temple was known to have Labour sympathies. He made valuable speeches on social and educational matters. Not everybody always agreed with him. But I do not recall that he got himself into sharp controversy with political parties as such.

Archbishop Fisher has done so.

Now the Churches have the right and indeed the duty to express themselves on moral and social issues affecting the national well-being. I do not myself accept the view that they are confined to the Ten Commandments.

Moreover, I am not without sympathy with part of the views the Archbishop has expressed. The Labour Party has been critical of the Government's political handling of Cyprus, though it has rightly exercised restraint.

I ask...

NOR does the Labour Party like the State official entering the field of gambling which, it seems to us, the Chancellor's premium bond proposal involves.

Similarly I had sympathy with King Edward VIII (as he then was) when he was indignant at the sad lot of the unemployed in South Wales. But when he appeared to express himself as critical of the

Government of the day, I said this is not right conduct for a constitutional monarch. For if it was right in the case of a Tory Government we could not logically object in the case of a Labour Government—though we should!

Of course, the Archbishop is not the Monarch. But he does occupy a unique position which should keep him out of sharp party political controversy. So, although it is in the main the Tory Government which has received the knocks this time, I have to ask myself: How would we like it if a Labour Chancellor was sharply attacked by the Archbishop for bringing in a capital gains tax? Or if he had attacked James Griffiths when, as Colonial Secretary, he had to take a firm line against the Communist terrorists in Malaya?

The honest answer is that we should not.

I am sorry to make these criticisms of a valued friend. But I do not want his unique position in the country to be undermined.

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THE SKILL OF THE "SPHINX"

By James Wickenden

RUSSIA has always demanded that the candidate for the U.N. Secretary-Generalship should be a servant, not a leader and a man without a taint of the Western alliances.

Sweden being neutral has made it the obvious choice of country, and Dag Hammarskjöld is neutral even for a Swede—a man almost colourless from lack of bias, but possessed of a keen intelligence.

It is typical of this Swedish sphinx that although he has been in high places for some time his politics are unknown. He is supposed to be a Social Democrat. At 61 he is lithe, fair-haired, with icy Nordic blue eyes, and he is amusing at parties. But it is clear from his ways and speech, which is involved, that he is a solitary man.

He claims never to have seen a football match or a baseball game in his life, but to like mountaineering and modern poetry, both demanding endurance and the painstaking spirit.

To encourage him and perhaps symbolise his spare, clean course in life, Tensing the victor of Everest sent him his key-axe. With it came an inscription: "So that you may climb to greater heights."

In fact, Hammarskjöld (pronounced ham-mar-skjold) is that new figure in world affairs—the political technician, rather than the more flamboyant person of the politician.

Up The Ladder

His rise has been through economies although his family is of genuine Swedish noble stock. During the First World War his father served as Prime Minister, and a brother is a county governor with a reputation for efficiency. Another brother now dead was Secretary of the International Court at the Hague.

His family gave Dag his first push up the ladder. But it was his own "invisible" skill that took him quickly to the Permanent Under-Secretaryship of the Swedish Treasury during the war. In 1946 he became adviser on financial and economic matters to the Foreign Minister. In this way he combined economics with foreign affairs. The result was that in 1949 he was appointed Permanent Under-Secretary at the Swedish Foreign Office. In 1951 saw him arrive at the government as Minister of State.

In 1953 he came to his present post at the head of the United Nations, a job well paid enough to attract the most ambitious. The salary is £2,500 a year plus a luxury New York flat.

Unshaken

But on arriving at the huge box-like office of the United Nations at Lake Success, Dag Hammarskjöld found nerves and depression among his new staff. There had been accusations of "subversion" from the security-minded Americans, and the United Nations had not proved itself free from extravagance abroad.

Puffing his pipe and using several boxes of matches to each bowl as he usually does, Hammarskjöld remained the unshaken realist. Perhaps he remembered his hero, Albert Schweitzer, whose motto "Respect for life" he has made his own.

So methodically he went through every office in the building. It took a month. He shook hands with every member of the staff and spoke a kind word to each.

Then he arranged a mammoth party for 4,000 of them with Denny Kaye's effervescent humour to brighten it. Finally he handled with nice diplomacy the security arrangements of the U.N. The U.S. became satisfied but realised meanwhile that

the United Nations were masters in their own house.

Next year he was back in Sweden to receive that high honour—the membership of "the eighteen" of the Swedish Royal Academy. At the time he spoke of his father and, perhaps, unconsciously of himself.

"My father," he said, "is one of those who are firm in their roots and firm in their faith... whose changing fate may well deepen their convictions and the direction of their early years but not change them."

This, then, is the man on whom the responsibility lies at present of solving the Middle East tension.

That he is an outstanding civil servant is not in doubt. His skill in arriving at ingenious formulas to which various parties can agree has been proved since his first OEEC meetings. He is not given to luxury of any kind, even a wife. His mother says he only likes women about him who are "brainy and smart."

Middle East

But has he more than the skill to reach "understandings?" Lacking the common touch, has he the force to be an "aggressive neutralist?"

It seems that he has such strength. No one has managed to bring the Middle East countries to agreement—except Hammarskjöld. Even he has only partially succeeded.

After an exhausting tour of the Middle East he has left there a cease-fire agreement between Israel on one side and Egypt and Syria on the other. This may be a turning point away from a steadily accelerating movement towards war which has continued since last summer.

It was a hard tussle for Hammarskjöld. At first Egypt agreed but Syria refused to sign a cease-fire. The Syrians said they would not sign until Israel promised not to divert the Jordan waters.

The measure of Dag Hammarskjöld's success is that they finally agreed to sign, without a firm promise from Israel. Now the world must await the report he is compiling for the Council on how finally to settle the Middle East.

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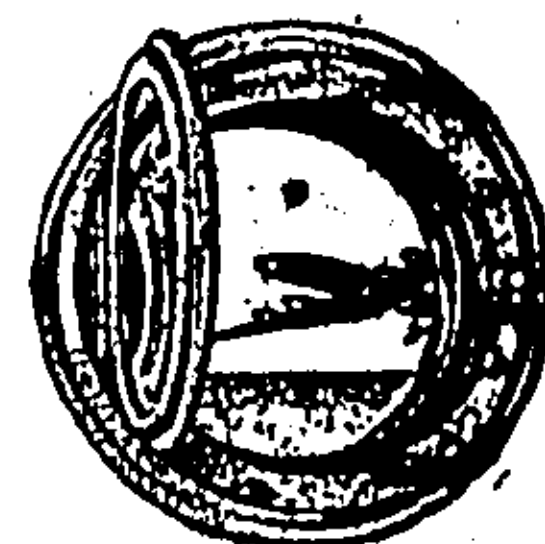
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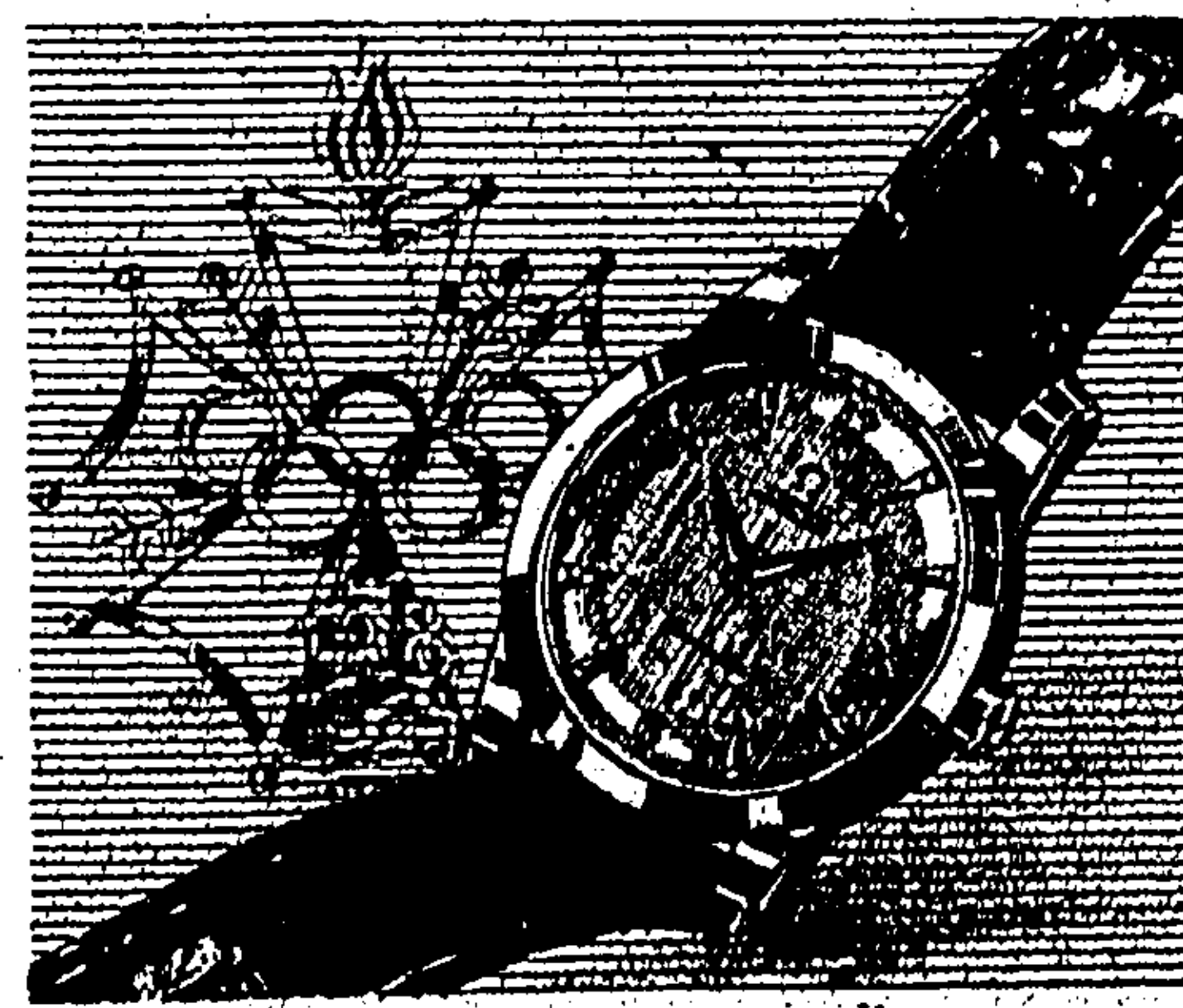


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Now They Accuse Mr France Of Speaking English

From SAM WHITE

PARIS A GRAVE charge has been levelled against M. Mendes-France in an interview granted to me. The charge is that he and his wife habitually speak English to each other when alone.

The man who made this charge is not some shabby politician. On the contrary, he is the most discussed politician in France today. He is a 45-year-old lawyer, Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancourt, who, in appearance, resembles a better-looking version of film star Jean Gabin.

Tixier (as his friends know him) has some old scores to settle with the French Republic and has been waging a two-front war against the regime ever since he was elected last January.

In Parliament, where he belongs to no political party, he has become the brains of the Frontists. And in the drawn-out Paris treason trial this bounding Basque has transformed his duties as counsel for the chief accused into one of prosecutor of M. Mendes-France.

'A LIAR'

With the aid of a complacent judge he has done this so successfully that his client, the £50-a-week police informer, Baranes, is able to shout with impunity at the former Premier: "You are a liar and a Communist agent."

Tixier is no novice on the French political scene. A former MP, he voted for the late Marshal Pétain in 1940 and was

a stormy figure in the better Vichy hotels during part of the war.

Barred from politics as a result of his Vichy past he was only allowed to stand for Parliament in the last elections as the result of an amnesty law passed by his friend, the former Premier and Foreign Minister, M. Antoine Pinay.

By sheer brains and practical ability he is now easily the most influential figure on the French Right, courted by and listened to by almost every MP right of centre.

As he told me: "I came in alone, I now weigh 55 votes at least." His weight continues to increase.

I spent a beguiling hour with him in his house, 145 Rue de

His beautiful blonde wife was there listening raptly to his husky baritone voice, and there was a steady flow of excellent champagne.

There are two major holes in Tixier's political life—Mendes-France and the wartime Resistance as symbolised by de Gaulle.

NOT FRENCH

Was Tixier a supporter of the European Army? "I am not of the kind," he replied. And the Atlantic Alliance? Yes, on the whole, mainly.

I pointed out that an overwhelming majority had voted for the peace settlement in 1945. "That counts for nothing with us," he said contemptuously.

Back to Mendes. "The trouble with him," continued Tixier softly, "is that he is not one of us. He is not a Frenchman. He is a foreign Jew. He and his wife talk English at table. We are peasants. People of the soil. We do not get on with people like Mendes."

Was Tixier perhaps an anti-Semite? "Not a bit of it," he laughed. "Some Jews have lived here for generations. They are as French as I am."

(Note: Mendes-France's family have lived in France for only 400 years.)

How did he see France's future? "I am pessimistic about the future. I think we will be the victims of a Communist coup after the Prague model. I am too late on the scene, but I will continue to fight, even with my back to the wall."

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POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"By Jove, Mr. President, I bet Sir John Rothemann envies you—not having any pictures that even the Irish are likely to pinch!"

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

GOOSE A wild goose was sucked into one of the air intakes of a Canberra jet bomber travelling at 100 miles an hour on a take-off run at an Australian Air Force station at Townsville, in Queensland.

CALLANT MOUNTIES The Canadian Mounties—those always get their man—figured in a different sort of drama last week. Mrs. Frank Rose, wife of the Queen's Lieutenant-Governor in British Columbia, wore a beautiful

white hat at the official opening of the provincial Parliament and later at a reception given by Premier W.A.C. Bennett. White feathered plumes sprayed from her head like a silver sunburst.

Stanley knows, may be quite capable of causing some new and equally unpleasant disease.

The eyebrows were raised even higher when Dr Stanley announced that he was trying hard to find a "host" for his virus—to see what sort of disease it would cause.

When Dr Stanley's purposes became a little clearer, the reaction changed to one of frank wonder. Dr Stanley had, in fact, succeeded in making a virus out of protein and nucleic acid—two substances which are not, by themselves, alive.

There is, to be sure, a raging argument as to whether viruses are really "alive." But they can reproduce their kind and "control" the nature of future generations and these are two signs of life. (On the other side viruses tend, in some circumstances, to become crystals, and crystals are definitely not alive. But that is too complicated a matter to detain us here.)

Dr Stanley wants to find a "host" so he can find out just how his new virus behaves.

That is very important: for it is just possible that Dr Stanley has uncovered some of the secrets of "life."

MARILYN'S ANSWER

Marilyn Monroe, resting at home after leaving hospital, replied to a proposal to nominate her Lord Rector of Glasgow University. "Thank you, I didn't go to college myself and to be elected Lord Rector of your university would really be something. When I come to London maybe I shall have a chance to visit you and find out just what being elected Lord Rector means."

DEADLIER THAN

Three Italian fishermen caught a female dolphin in their nets and soon wished they hadn't. Before they could get her out of the net their boat was attacked by scores of male dolphins and was almost capsized. They cut the dolphin free and returned to port.

EVENING STROLL

In Palm Beach, Florida, a 24-year-old Cambridge graduate, David Cragan, got himself a job teaching school. Last week, at 9 p.m. on a fine evening, David decided—in true British fashion—to take a stroll along Ocean Drive.

A police car pulled up beside him. "Why, asked the officer, suspiciously "are you walking?"

David replied that it had long been his habit to take an evening stroll.

"People in Palm Beach," snapped the policeman, "don't walk. They have cars."

And he insisted on checking Cragan's identity before he let him go on with his walk.

STREET GARB Col. Nasser's "Ministry of Social Affairs" has buckled down to serious business in Egypt. The Ministry banned the wearing of pyjamas and nightshirts on the streets in Cairo and Alexandria.

Elsewhere, a certain amount of sartorial deviationism will be tolerated for a time.

Furthermore, no more taboos are to be worn. That kind of hat is regarded as a symbol of Turkish domination.

FIREMEN'S FIREARMS

Firemen in the Brussels suburb of Schaerbeek have been told to turn in their guns. No one can remember why the law requiring firearms was passed in the first place—nearly a century ago.

The firemen, however, can think of at least one reason: At every local wedding, two firemen present arms. The town council is paid seven shillings for the service. Now the firemen suspect that they won't be wanted at weddings any more.

THE GOOD SOLDIER

When the Army Apprentices' School at Unlache Harrogate, was adopted by the Harrogate Town Council at a civic ceremony in the Royal Hall

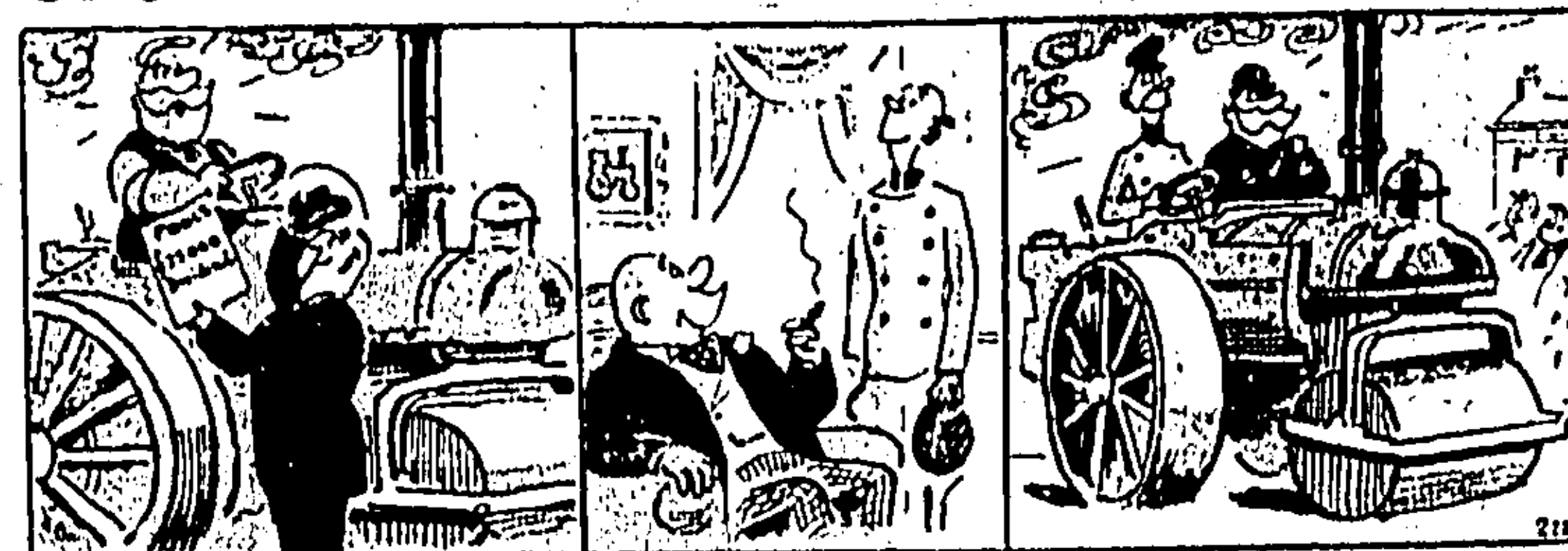
Colonel J. P. Carne, V.C., told a story illustrating some of the qualities required by a good soldier.

He said some years ago he was in his garden dressed in old clothes because he was teaching his stepson how to climb a rope. Having climbed a tree he was tying the rope to a branch when a smartly dressed soldier came along.

He looked up at the tree with a grin and said: "What, tired of life?" Only then did he recognise Colonel Carne, his Commanding Officer. Temporarily confused, he apologised most politely and then volunteered to climb the tree and lead his CO a hand.

"There," said Colonel Carne, "you have a good soldier, with nice manners, smartly turned out, with a real sense of humour—and even willing to help his CO to hang himself."

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN . . . by Walter



SEBASTIANO KISSED A PRETTY GIRL...

'IT IS MY GRAVEST CRIME,' HE WROTE

George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

SEBASTIANO. Edited by Wilfrid Blunt. James Barrie. 25s. 296 pages.

SLOCATELLI, a young Italian priest, set out in the year 1664 on a journey from Bologna to Paris and back again. With him, as companions, went two young fellow countrymen who shared Sebastiano's tastes but not, it seems, his inhibitions. In Sebastiano's life, says Wilfrid Blunt, God came first and women second; his third interest was his stomach.

He was highly susceptible to a pretty face, as became a native of Bologna, a hot-tempered city famous for saucy, stabbings and a university (9,000 undergraduates, 12,000 girls).

But Sebastiano's virtue invariably won. That is, at least, the story he tells in his diary, which is copiously drawn on for Blunt's narrative.

Blunt himself is a little sceptical about these triumphs of virtue. There are two manuscripts of the diary; in one, virtue triumphs more completely than in the other.

Sebastiano is not another Boswell or Pepys. He is without originality; his adventures are rather mild, conventional Italian of his time; ready to be astonished by everything he encounters; miracles, re-

liquaries, ministers, ingenious clocks, perpetual motion machines, Englishmen, outlandish costumes; ready to be shocked by nude pictures.

In French inns he deplores the presence of tapestries of this sort—not one religious subject! It seems that heretics travel more than Catholics and are liable to insult any religious picture they come upon.

His troubles begin at Milan: "I sat next to Signora Lucrècia. She kept me in a state of perpetual torture. Youth and fantasy—oh, what cruel company!"

In France, manners were easier than in Italy: the male servants at inns greeted the guests with kisses, endearments which were later added to the bill.

"I don't for a moment want to criticise foreign countries, especially France," says Sebastiano. "But perhaps it might be best if such customs were observed only by the French themselves. Extreme familiarity readily provokes lust in Italians, and still more so in Spaniards, while Frenchmen remain cold as ice."

He is determined never to kiss a woman, a vow which he breaks only to salute a pretty Calvinist at Geneva, who had worked him in argument. "It is a gravest crime I have committed since leaving Italy."

Contemptuous of the Calvinist religion, he is fair enough to observe that "nowhere during my journey did I meet better or more courteous people than at Geneva."

Returning at length to Bologna, Sebastiano could congratulate himself on many strange places visited, and moral dangers overcome.

His account of his perils may not be great literature, but it gives a diverting picture of the life of a touring priest in Europe 300 years ago.

TUNES OF GLORY. By James Kennaway. Putnam. 13s. 6d. 200 pages.

THE tunes of glory are played by two pipers, in their scarlet and tarian, as they march round and round the tables in the mess. In a little, the officers will rise; dancing will begin; Highland dancing, athletic, rowdy, male.

We are in the depot of a Highland regiment (the Black Watch at Perth). We are in the opening pages of a novel for men only.

True, women appear in Kennaway's story, anxious and subordinate figures—an unconquering mistress, a slight daughter, a Highland name. But the action lies between men and is concerned with matters that only men, men of a certain flamboyant temperament, think important: pride; prowess in drinking; war and love; regimental tradition.

Men like Colonel Jock Sinclair, who came into the army by way of Barlinnie Gaol, and the band, who was a grand fighting soldier in the desert and in peace—Jock is still a good piper, passionately concerned with the nuances of a pibroch. But he is drinking too heavily; physically he is going to seed and the battalion is going to seed with him. Until the War Office, in its wisdom, appoints one, Colonel Barrow, to take over.

Barrow is a clever neurotic with, behind him, a war spent in a Jap prison camp, and an unhappy marriage. Trying to pull the battalion together, he makes mistakes (fusses too much over the style of the Highland dancing), but Jock strikes a corporal-piper whom he finds drinking with his daughter.

Yet, in the end (which comes far too hastily, with too little preparation), is Barrow who breaks the camp, who wins. Barrow shoots himself. In a long last section, Jock designs for his rival a gorgeous military funeral, the obsequies of a field-marshal. It is a fine exercise in macabre ritual; every pipe note will sound at the right moment.

But it scarcely consoles the reader who feels that he has been cheated of the essential conflict between the two men; that while Jock stands out, coarse but complex, who is a rogue and a lot of a man, Barrow is never more than a shadow.

It looks as if James Kennaway, in his first novel, had found a good idea and got tired of it. In his second, he should stay the course.

NO MAN SINGS. By Alexander Kislav. Longmans. 13s. 6d. 296 pages.

SAPPHO was a Greek poetess who lived 2,600 years ago. She was a married woman with one daughter and a brother whose conduct gave her cause for anxiety. Her verses (for those who can read Greek) with passionate affection for various friends of her own sex. In Kislav's novel, Sappho appears as a rather tiresome, fresh-as-a-girl, muscular and ruddy—a career woman without a career, moody and restless. From time to time she addresses a few lines of verse to some mortally delicate girl for whom she has formed an attachment.

But let nobody be worried. Few hints of passion disturb the gentle breeze of Kislav's story. Everything is high-minded, with a low blood-pressure.

His Sappho would have been an inspiring captain, for she is a poetess whose verses do not stifle the pulses of elderly soldiers older than 2,000 years.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Point Of View-The Plumber

BY FARRY WEINERT



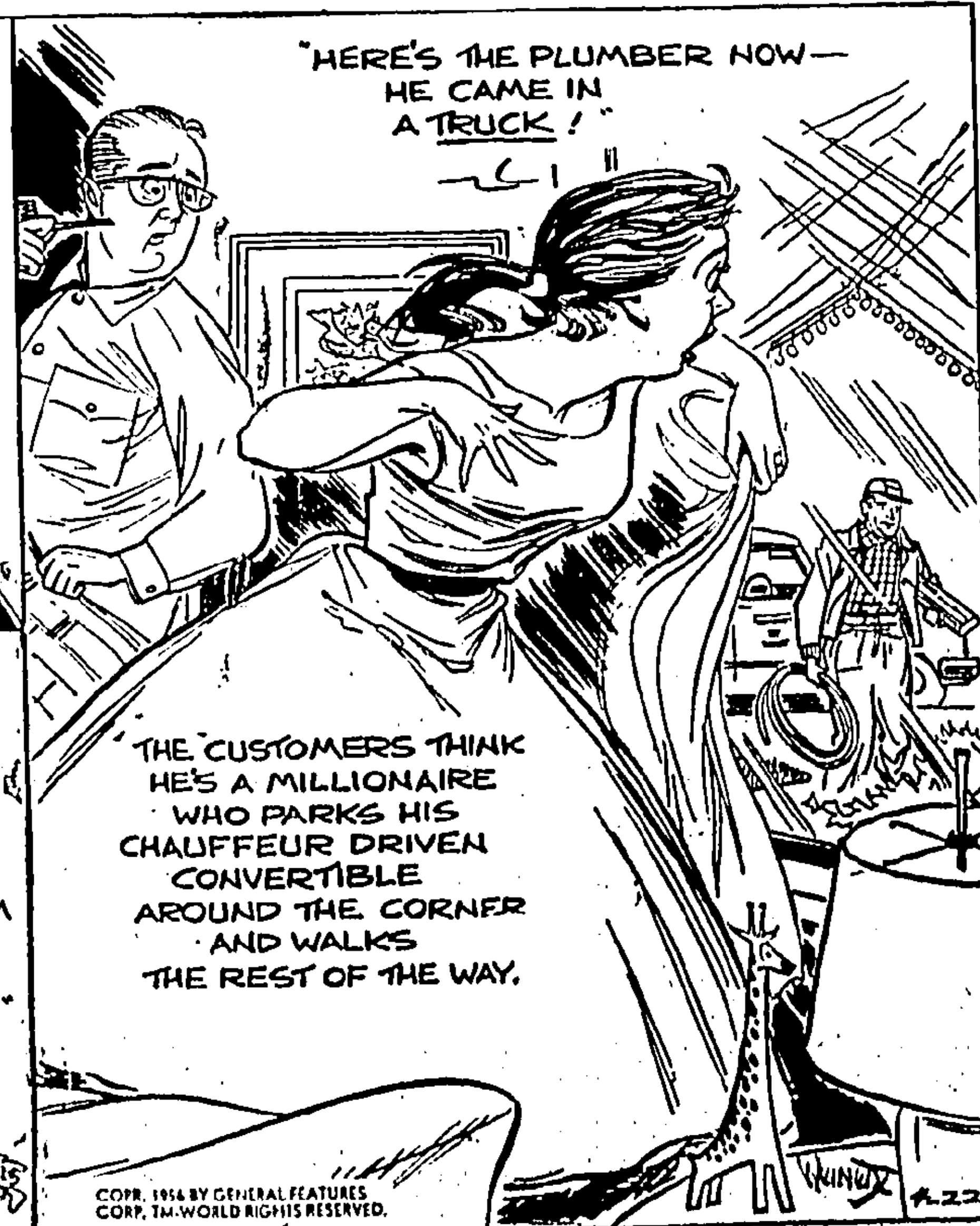
"WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO FIX THAT DRIP IN THE KITCHEN SINK?"

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THE PLUMBER'S SPOUSE THINKS HE'S A DRIP—BUT THE NEIGHBORHOOD LADIES IMAGINE HE'S NOTHING LESS THAN A MECHANICAL GENIUS.



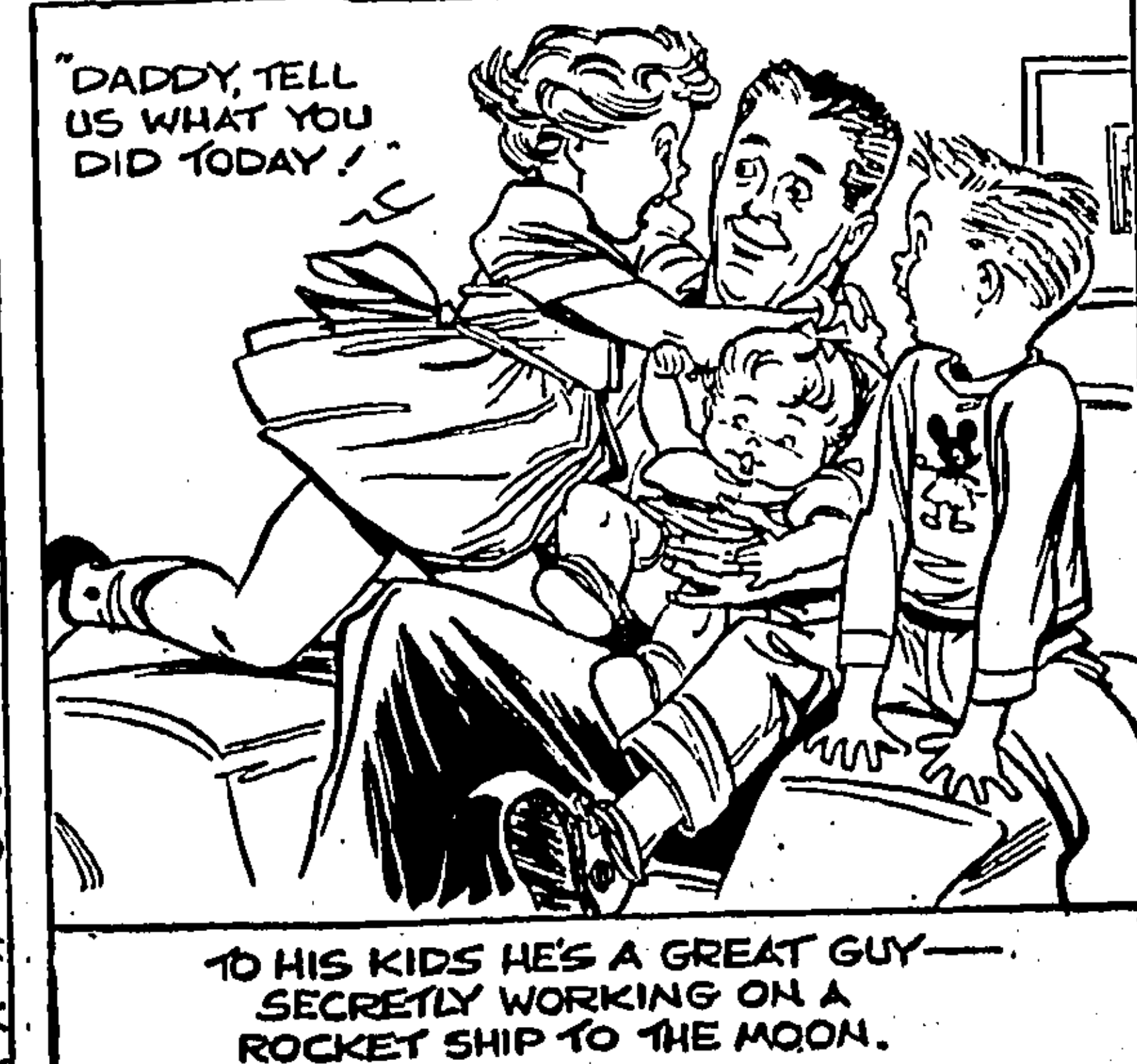
YOU'RE LUCKY TO HAVE SUCH A CLEVER MAN AROUND THE HOUSE!

"MY ED CANT EVEN OPEN A CAN OF BEANS WITHOUT SPILLING 'EM ALL OVER THE PLACE!"



"HERE'S THE PLUMBER NOW—HE CAME IN A TRUCK!"

THE CUSTOMERS THINK HE'S A MILLIONAIRE WHO PARKS HIS CHAUFFEUR DRIVEN CONVERTIBLE AROUND THE CORNER AND WALKS THE REST OF THE WAY.



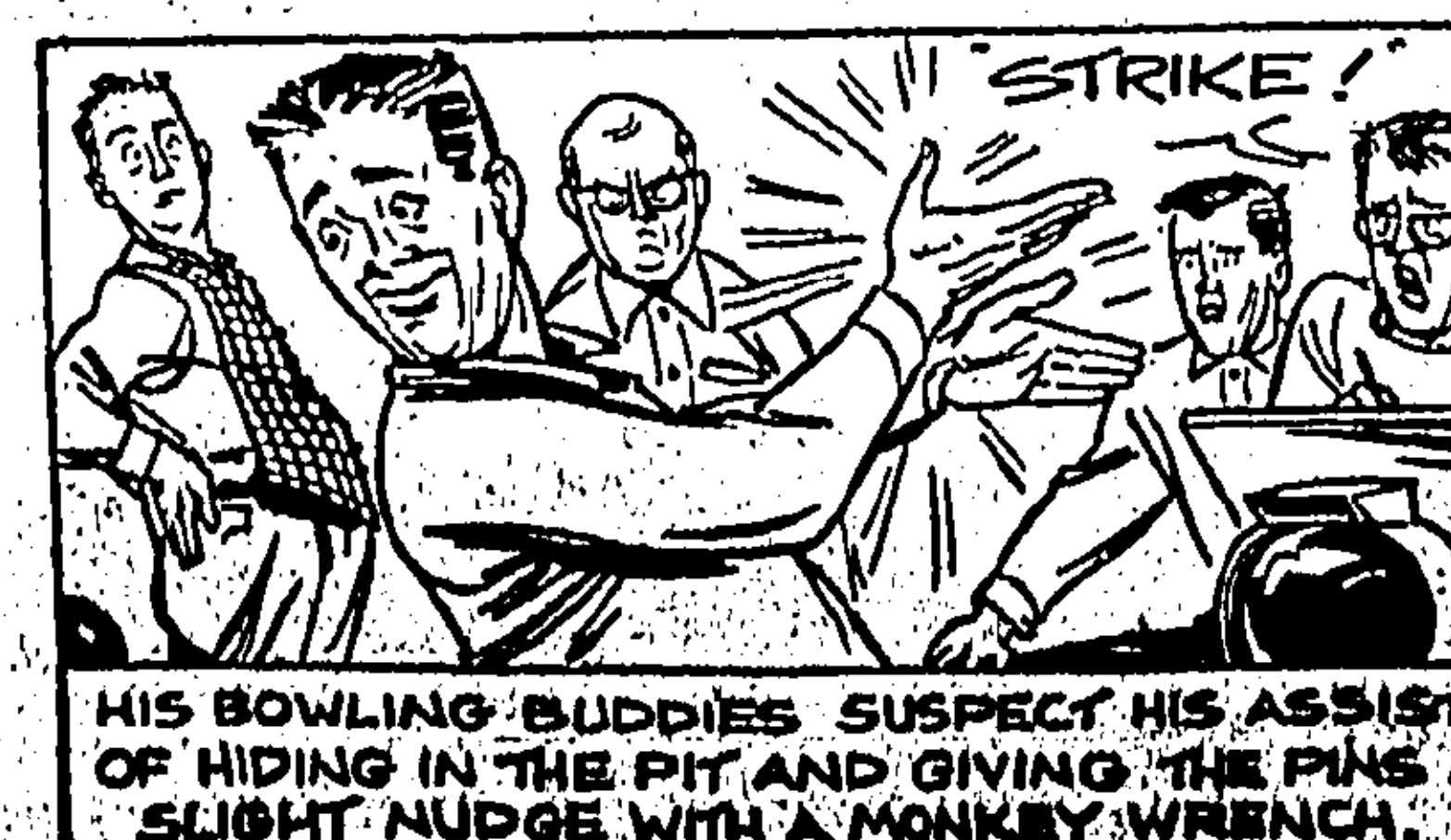
"DADDY, TELL US WHAT YOU DID TODAY!"

TO HIS KIDS HE'S A GREAT GUY—SECRETLY WORKING ON A ROCKET SHIP TO THE MOON.



THAT GUY COULDN'T FIX A LEAK IN A TIN UMBRELLA.

WITH CERTAIN BUSINESS RIVALS HE'S JUST A CASE OF PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.



HIS BOWLING BUDDIES SUSPECT HIS ASSISTANT OF HIDING IN THE PIT AND GIVING THE PINS A SLIGHT NUDGE WITH A MONKEY WRENCH.



"WELL, THAT'S FINISHED!"

"YOU MEAN YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO BACK FOR ANYTHING?"

THE GENERAL PUBLIC NEVER EXPECTS HIM TO BRING ALL THE TOOLS HE NEEDS.



"BUTCH STUFFED HIS BULLDOZER DOWN THE DRAIN!"

HOW DID I EVER GET INTO THIS BUSINESS?

—AND WHAT DOES THE PLUMBER THINK ABOUT IT ALL?

WEEK-END BOWLS

CRAIGENGOWER - KCC
MATCH TAKES
THE SPOTLIGHT

By "TOUCHER"

Fresh from their brilliant victory over the champion Reereio team during the week, the Craigenower Cricket Club first stringers take the spotlight again in today's curtailed programme of League fixtures.

In what is expected to be a very close game between two of the strongest contenders for Premier League honours this season, the Valley bowlers will have against them at Cox's Road no less worthy opponents than the Kowloon Cricket Club twelve.

Both teams have scored good wins in their opening matches and the result of today's game between them may well provide the pointer to this year's champion team.

Craigenower will be fielding the same team that defeated Reereio and on paper look a better team than the resubstituted Kowloon Cricket Club line-up.

On actual play and form, the Cox's Road bowlers stand as much as a 50-50 chance of upsetting their more favoured opponents. Much will depend on the ability of their leads and No. 2s to just hold their own if not outbowled their opening numbers who form the strongest department of the Craigenower squad.

In three and skips the Kowloonies have a line-up of steeper than Craigenower and the deciding factor will be the ability to cope with the extra work that will undoubtedly be thrust upon them.

RIGHT TACTICS From the KCC line-up it appears to me that the Kowloonies

are adopting the right tactics of not trying to go out for a full-point win, but are banking on a 4-1 decision. The Craigenower team is too well balanced for that, and a great deal will depend on the draw.

The Kowloon club stand to lose much if Hong Shing's rink is drawn against Tandoli's, Giffney's against Brindbury's and Club's against Leonard's, but have a strong chance of taking the decision if Hong Shing's rink is drawn against Brindbury's and Giffney's against Leonard's. The swing between the two draws can be as much as from 5-0 in Craigenower's favour to 4-1 in KCC's favour.

In the other two First Division matches, Takoo Club will have to be at their best to prevent Reereio from collecting full points and Filippino Club, playing at home against the weaker of IRC's two teams, the "Gold" should chalk up their first win of the season by a probable 4-1 margin.

SECOND DIVISION In the Second Division, Kowloon Dock "Blues" will cross

over to Stanley, and although rumours have it that the Prison Officers' Club bowlers have improved tremendously, the Dockmen are too firm a team to be shaken.

The form of USRC, credited with two major victories already, will be watched with interest when they take on Kowloon Dock "Whites" at Hung Hom. Another 5-0 win will take them to the top of the League table.

Second favourites for the division title, Reereio, have been steadily losing ground during the last three weeks and may have to watch out when they take on the unpredictable Hongkong Cricket Club this afternoon.

Many of them will probably remember the surprising defeat handed them by the cricketers in the last two seasons, and yet another upset is not unlikely though improbable.

THIRD DIVISION In the Third Division, Hongkong Electric Recreation Club, who have been knocking at the door of the division's honours during the last few seasons, had another strong bid blunted during the week when they lost to PRC by 3-2.

Today they will be up against HKFC, fresh from their triumph over the redoubtable HKPSA, and will have to win this match if they hope to stay among the contenders for the Championship.

Whether the HKPSA have just been giving their opponents an early season handicap by losing their first two matches will be seen today when they play KCC at home. A third defeat will practically spell "finish" to whatever hopes they have of bringing home the bacon.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
Reereio v TC
KCC v IRC "Gold"
KCC v CCC

Second Division
HKFC v PRC
POC v KDC "Blues"
KCC "White" v USRC
HKCC v Reereio

Third Division
HKFC v HKRC
HKPSA v KCC

TOMORROW
FC v CCC
HKFC v KBGC
KCC v PRC

Goalscoring Race

Three clubs scored 100 League goals this season, and failed to gain promotion — Brighton, Ipswich and Derby. The club which promised to lead the goalscorers, Leicester City, failed to reach the century total, but with a race all season Arthur Rowley and Willie Gardner had Rowley finished with 35 Cup and League goals; Gardner scored 34.

FISH GALORE

Anglers in the Midlands are pleased because the River Severn is being netted for fish and the haul put into lesser rivers. A two day "catch" totalled 100,000 fish, and in all a month's operations have resulted in 402,000 being landed, mostly roach, perch and bream.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

NEW ZEALAND CROQUET TEAM



The New Zealand Croquet Team, who are in Britain competing in various croquet events until October, started their engagements on May 14 when they competed in the Peel Memorials, the big handicap event of the year which opened at Roehampton.

This picture shows Mrs G. McKenzie-Smith of Gisborne, New Zealand, making a strike watched by her opponent, Mrs G. Rowling of Nelson, New Zealand.—Central Press Photo.

WEEK-END SOFTBALL

Saints-Braves
Match Again
Under Protest

The long-awaited second round clash between the Saints and the Braves which has caused a minor controversy in local softball circles, will once again be put off to a later date as 'trouble' is still in the air and the Council's latest decision of a replay is being protested by the Saints.

This vital game, which the Saints won 5-4, was ruled invalid at the last Council Meeting and a replay was scheduled for tomorrow at 2.30 p.m. However, the protest forwarded to the Hon. Secretary on Wednesday by Saints' manager Jindo Hussain warrants a decision from a Protest Board and the issue will not be decided until the Board convenes next Wednesday.

However, the Association has put forward the Jamboree Knockout Series to this week instead and fans trooping out to the park tomorrow will have no regrets as this thrill-packed card features eight exciting tussles.

These games will all be five-inning affairs and each team is only allowed to register ten players. The Series will be run in such a way that any team that loses two games will be automatically out.

Incidentally, this is the first time that the Association has come up with this type of Series and the proceeds at the gate will be utilised towards the Taiwan venture in August when the Hongkong Softball Association will be sending two teams abroad for a series of games.

REGISTRATION

As many teams are finding great difficulty in finding ten 'definite' players, who, incidentally, have to play until the completion of the Series, the Association has agreed on an easier plan of registration.

The new ruling for this Knockout Series takes the first nine players fielded in the first game as the official registration and the tenth player, whether utilised or not in the initial game, has to be named.

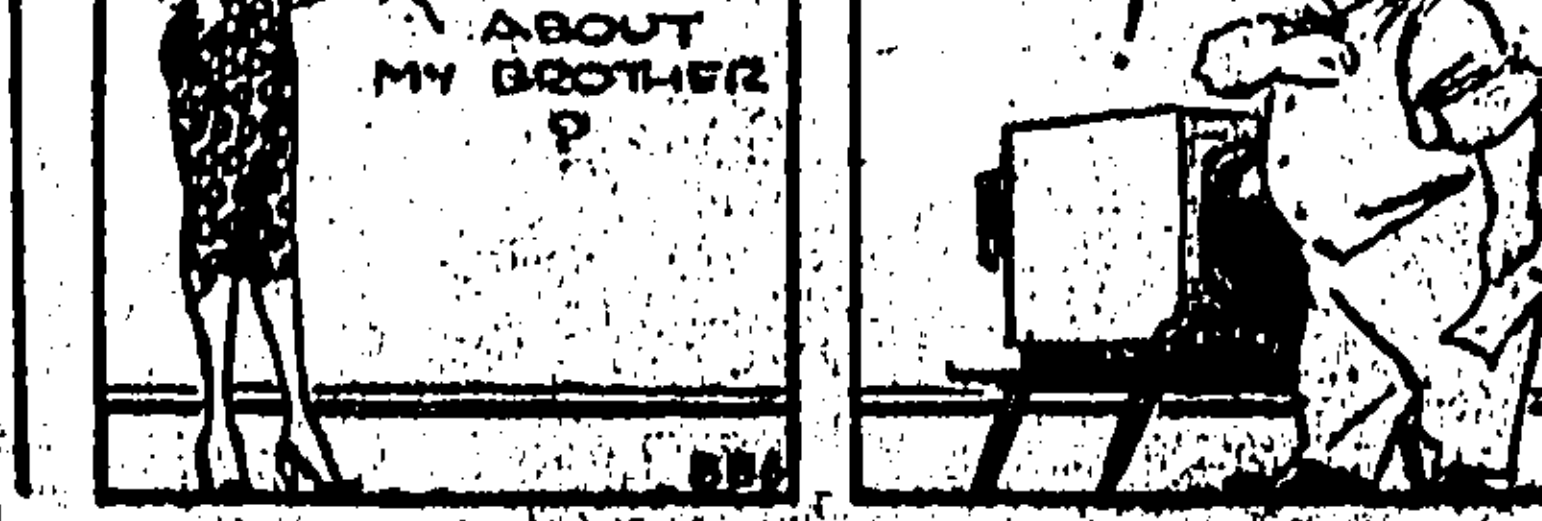
If, for example, one player is injured and cannot play and the tenth player is absent, the team in question forfeits that particular game.

Another team that cannot be overlooked in this 'free-for-all' are Eddie Marquee Warriors as this team when at their best are about the hardest team to beat.

The U.S. Navy contingent, always an unknown quantity, will also have a big say in the matter if the team put up tomorrow matches the qualities of the noted U.S.S. Orca nine.

Of the remaining teams represented, the Pandas hold the best chances of lasting two rounds while the Chinese Athletics, who are our current title-holders, and the minor league's PI Dodgers will probably be slugging it out for the 'wooden spoon'.

POP



SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

COLONY FOOTBALL MAY BE
BLOWN WIDE OPEN BY
THIS LATEST BOMBSHELL

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

Oh, onomatopoeia where is thy inspiration? where can I find just the right word to describe the bomb burst of the week? — and I don't mean the British device at Monte Bello.

The decision of the Appeals Board of the Hongkong Football Association to reduce the suspension passed on Lee Yuk-tak of South China by the Emergency Committee has really set the frothing felices among the soccer pigeons.

It is—and must remain—an essential and imperative re-organisation of every democratic organisation that fair trial should be accorded to every man who stands accused. Who, one wonders, would want it otherwise. Nevertheless this action by the Appeals Board may well split the Colony's football world wide apart. It may do more.

According to one's personal views on such matters it would be all too easy to become hysterical in praise or criticism of the latest development, so I feel it would be better at this stage to recapitulate and place the predisposing and relative facts in order.

First of all the HKFA earned the unqualified approval of the football public earlier this season by issuing a directive which was clearly aimed at the elimination of foul play from local football.

Soon after that a senior player was ordered off the field for what many people considered to be a most vicious attempt to injure an opponent. Three times the player was summoned to appear before the appropriate committee but, due to the fact that some of the men who were obligated to sit on the committee did not put in an appearance, the case against the player was quashed.

I am firmly on the side of those people who still believe that this was an unconstitutional and unjustified act and I believe too that the HKFA would have increased its prestige if, instead of seeking a vote of confidence in the Chairman of the Emergency Committee, it had taken one of "No Confidence" in the missing committee.

The next act in the drama came when the Colony side played against Mohan Bagan. During one of the games Lee Yuk-tak—right in front of the main stand—made a blatant and all too obvious attempt to use foul tactics against a member of the Indian team. For this offence he was sternly admonished and had his name taken by Referee Dawson. As a result of subsequent reports Lee Yuk-tak was brought before the Emergency Committee and given a lengthy suspension.

South China appealed against the suspension and at a meeting of the Appeals Board it was decided that, while it had been satisfactorily proved that Lee did in fact commit an offence, the punishment was excessive. As a result of this finding the suspension was reduced to what, if one remembers that it embraces the closed season, is really of negligible proportions.

THE IMPLICATIONS? and what are the reactions? and what are the implications?

The primary reaction by the Emergency Committee was quick and definite. The Chairman's resignation was in the hands of the Association early on Thursday morning others

may have been handed in since. I do not know.

That was the first and only reaction possible as far as the Chairman of the Committee was concerned. The declared intention of the Association to eliminate foul play imposed a burden on it to deal fairly with all cases brought before it, but also to punish heavily those who were found to have transgressed the accepted code of field conduct and behaviour.

There cannot be a two-faced approach to this matter. You cannot flog a horse and then criticise it for running particularly if that was what you wanted it to do.

The big questions now are: Where do we go from here? What are the implications? The main implications are that every player who has been suspended more than a nominal suspension in future will be knocking at the door of the Appeals Board, and everyone who does not get the same generous treatment as Lee Yuk-tak will feel that he has been shabbily treated.

Already there are hostile rumblings behind the scenes and already there are those who prophesy trouble aplenty as a consequence of this decision by the Appeals Board.

Sometimes, as a result of being too close to an explosion, it is difficult to see the full destructive effect through the smoke, and easy to be misled by the noise. I have tried hard to escape both influences, but I cannot help but feel that what has happened now is far from being in the best interests of Colony football.

Let us move now from the macabre to the brighter side of what is still—in spite of all the trials and tribulations—the greatest game in the world.

Some weeks ago I had the pleasure of commenting on the success of ex-St. Joseph's footballer, Augustus Higginson, who is now playing in Portugal. This week I am pleased to report the rise to stardom of one of the players who so often crossed soccer swords with him on the field of play Ginger Higginson.

In characteristic style Higginson did not find his return to Scottish football a quiet one, and after a rather hectic time he joined Tranent. He played in minor league soccer for nearly a year, but seven weeks ago he signed for Hibernian, the famous Edinburgh club, and has already hit the headlines for his brilliant play in a side that is packed with world class internationalists.

So great has been his success that he was nominated for the club's summer tour throughout Europe.

Football folks in Hongkong will, I am sure, join with me in wishing him the best of luck in his future career.

Some time ago I had the opportunity of speaking to a gathering of industrial soccer people, and recent happenings have reminded me of the story I told to round off my talk. I would like to repeat it now, without comment—or prejudice.

The story goes that a number of football legislators decided to have a renowned investigator to find out just what was wrong with the game. He was given a free hand but had to complete his work within three months in time for a big meeting.

Nothing was heard from him for a long time but a telephone call assured the Chairman of the group that the report would be ready on schedule.

On the night when the whole sordid story was to be revealed there was a full muster of the legislators and a sigh of satisfaction could be heard when the investigator arrived with several well-bound books under his arm.

At the appropriate moment the chairman invited the investigator to table his report. This proved to be in the form of a leather-bound book entitled "What is wrong with football", but when the Chairman opened it he found nothing but blank pages.

"Is this some sort of a joke?" he asked.

"No," replied the investigator; "that is exactly what I found wrong with football." He then placed three heavy volumes on the table and said "Maybe you would like to look through these. They tell the full story of what is wrong with the people who run it."

Makes you think, doesn't it?

SPORTS QUIZ

1. What World Heavyweight Boxing Champions were born at Brockton, Massachusetts; Galveston, Texas; Alabama; Manassas, Colorado?
2. A gentleman with the christian names Archibald Lee arrived in Britain last week for a big sporting event. Who is he?
3. What is the event?
4. For how many seasons have Surrey been English County Cricket Champions?
5. J. Dyson, J. Hayes and E. Johnstone hit the headlines last week. What did they do?
6. A Van Wall boosted Britain's sporting prestige last week. How?
7. Since gloves were introduced into boxing how many coloured fighters have won the World Heavyweight title?
8. What are their names?
9. What sports would you expect to see at Royal Lytham, St. Anne's, Egham, Hornsea Hill and Deauville?
10. When did Maureen Connolly win her first Wimbledon title? (Answers See Page 17)

Sports Diary

TODAY

Lawa Bowls
1st Division: Reereio v Takoo; Filippino Club v HKFC; KCC v CCC; 2nd Division: HKFC v PRC; POC v KDC; 3rd Division: HKFC v HKRC; HKPSA v KCC.

Champions (Eastern) v The Rest at Caroline Hill 8.30 p.m.

China Gymnasium v Combined Services (Southern Playground) 8.40 p.m.

Racing
12th (Whitson) Race Meeting at Happy Valley Athletics

SCAA Annual Inter-School Invitation Athletic Meeting (2nd day) from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

TOMORROW

SCAA Annual Inter-School Invitation Athletic Meeting (3rd day) from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Football: Penang match replay at 3.30 p.m. Braves v Saints.

Early Cricket
Curiosities

Only a hawthorn hedge separates the pitches of St. James's and St. George's in the Curwen (Lanes) Cricket League, and when these rivals and neighbours got together in the opening match of the season there was some fun. Derek Bentley, St. James's fast bowler, took nine wickets for no runs, and St. George's were all out for five! Joe Clark went in No. 1 and batted right through the innings for one not out!!! In the second innings Bentley got six for none!

Male adjusted

AND IT TAKES A WOMAN TO PROVE IT!

YES, I WAS WRONG AND IT TAKES A MAN TO ADMIT WHEN HE'S WRONG!

ARE YOU GOING TO WITHDRAW WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT MY BROTHER?

POP

Male adjusted



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Games With Words

MANY words, both long and short, begin with M and end with N, for example: MUSICIAN, MAN, METROPOLITAN.

Here are the meanings of 25 such words. You are to figure out the letters in between.

Try to guess them all. Then, after finishing the puzzle, see how many other "M to N" words you can write.

1. A meat.
2. A thousand thousand.
3. A small sweet cake.
4. A girl.
5. He wrote a poem about Paradise.
6. Worn on the hand.
7. Worn on the foot.
8. A president of the United States.
9. He's crazy.
10. A colour.
11. One who worships Allah.
12. A process in arithmetic.
13. A juicy fruit.
14. To speak about.
15. A city in Italy.
16. A large stately dwelling.
17. A planet.
18. Wrong, in error.
19. One of the United States.
20. Small-minded, contemptible.
21. A kind of cotton cloth.
22. Inhabitant of a certain country neighbouring America.

ROMAN NUMBERS

Finish up the words below by adding one letter for each number of letters given.

The only letters you can use are the Roman numbers for 1, 5, 10, 50, 100, 500, 1000 which are I, V, X, L, C, D and M. For example, to complete the word (one letter) A (one letter) E you might add C (100) for the first blank and V (5) for the second blank, making the word CAVE.

1. A number, 8 (two letters)
2. A small silver coin (three letters) E
3. A girl (one letter) A (two letters)
4. Not dead A (three letters) E
5. A fish, (one letter) O (one letter)
6. A length of 5,280 feet, (three letters) E
7. A man who digs coal, (two letters) N E I
8. A large beast of burden, (one letter) A (one letter) E (one letter)
9. Fog high in the air, (two letters) O U (one letter)
10. A mountain from which come flames and roses, (one letter) O (two letters) A N O

(Answers on Page 20)

Symbol Of A Gallant Endeavour

THE spreading sails of a tall ship are for ever a symbol and call to adventure. When the ship is the Discovery, in which Captain Scott explored the Antarctic, the adventure takes clear shape.

And when the Discovery appears on a stamp from the Far South, it is overprinted "Trans-Antarctic Expedition 1955-1958" then we are all linked with a gallant endeavour just begun.

This new stamp is issued by the Falkland Islands Dependencies—a number of widely scattered islands including South Georgia.

This is one of the most important islands because it is a supply and refueling station for ships such as the Theron which has landed an advance party for the attempt to cross the Antarctic via the South Pole.

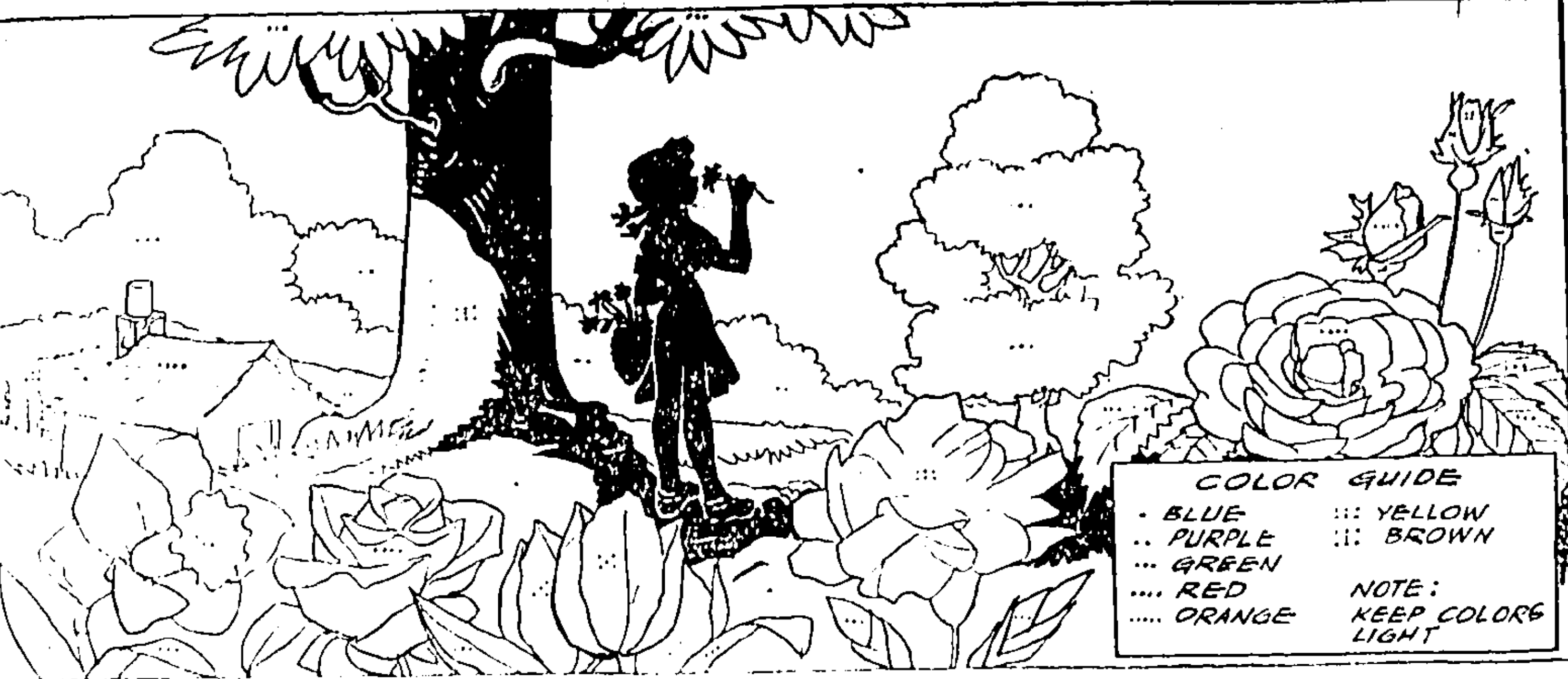
The Antarctic is the last of the untamed continents. Some 12 nations have expeditions including Russian and American teams, as well as the British.

Why the rush? Simply because scientists believe a wealth of minerals, including uranium, and possibly oil lie beneath the snow and ice.

There are four stamps in the new adventure set. They are perforated 12½ by 13, recess-printed and cost 1/7d in London. One is reproduced here—J. A. A.



LET CRAYONS PLUCK SUMMER POSIES



COLOR GUIDE

BLUE :: YELLOW
PURPLE :: BROWN
GREEN
RED
ORANGE

NOTE: KEEP COLORS LIGHT

THE GEOLOGIST HAS FUN TAKING A WALK...

WHO has most fun when he takes a walk?

The person who knows most about trees and flowers? The one who knows most about bugs and birds?

What about the man who knows how these rocks were formed, and what caused that valley over there?

There's probably nobody who enjoys himself more on a walk or on a trip than the geologist. He knows how the ocean waves sort out the sand. He knows why the Rocky Mountains are rocky and why there are dinosaur fossils in Dinosaur National Park. He knows why the Potomac has no delta and why the Mississippi has such a huge one.

The geologist not only enjoys his work.

And it probably pleases him too to know that he's a valuable man to his country. He is valuable because he finds the things that make his country great.

Usually it is oil and steel that make a country important. It is these things that provide most business, and the most comfortable living for a people. Comfortable living depends on good extent on the amount of food there is, the number of houses and refrigerators and so forth. The geologist finds the ore to make the machines and the oil and water to run them.

MUCH IN DEMAND

SUPPOSE A CITY needs a new bridge. One of the first persons they will have to consult is a geologist.

Why? Because they must find out if the ground in the location chosen will support the heavy piers the bridge requires.

If a railroad needs a tunnel, it calls a geologist to find firm land where the ground will not cave.

When a state builds a dam, it must ask its geologists to locate a spot where a dam will hold water and not be washed away.

Nowadays the manufacturer needs thousands of gallons of water. Both the manufacturer and the farmer must depend on the geologist to find for them all the water they must have.

In the last World War geologists advised the military services where heavy truck roads could be made. They spotted camp sites on dry land.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT — OYSTERS GROW ON TREES

WHEN we think of trees, we think of leaves and branches growing on them. But there are not the only things that grow on trees.

In the islands of the Caribbean, oysters grow on trees. And what's more, to the natives this strange fact is considered very common.

The trees grow in lagoons and swamps along the coasts of Cuba and other islands. When the tide rises, the oysters attach themselves to the lower branches of mangrove trees. When the tide goes out, the trees, which flourish in salt water, present a strange appearance with their oyster crop.

But oysters are not the only peculiarities that grow on trees. There are shrubs that grow on trees, too.

These shrub trees, which dwell on the slopes of Cerro Duida, are about fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces of the tree. From this, they peel off the red, fibrous bark.

The bark is like a sort of fibrous garment. The Indians cut holes in it, through which they slip their arms, and then the Indians have a natural shirt, ready to wear.



In the rugged MacKenzie River Basin of northern Canada, a geologist and a prospector pulverise rock samples with mortar and pestle before panning them for tungsten.

They found where water was available.

Since so many businesses need him, the geologist is usually not much trouble in finding a job.

Many work for government or companies, hunting for oil, gold, copper, coal and so forth. Some make maps, some plot well logs and examine well cuttings (samples) with a microscope.

There are women as well as men in the field.

Others, the paleontologists, hunt and classify fossils. Fossils are plants and animals that lived in former ages and whose remains are found in rocks.

It was through the paleontologists that we learned that the first horses had four toes instead of one as now, and the earliest elephants were little more than three feet high.

LIFE NOT ALL ROSY

MOST GEOLOGISTS enjoy working outdoors and in unusual places, but as in most professions, life isn't all rosy to them either. Some of them have to live a wandering life instead of a settled one in a comfortable spot. They may freeze in Alaska or burn in Egypt if their company sends them to these places. And at times they have to do some hard straight thinking—a task fairly uncomfortable for most of us.

To most geologists the pay isn't the main thing. What they like best is the interesting work, the outdoors, and the people they work with.

HOW A RAILWAY WAS BUILT THROUGH THE HEART OF JUNGLELAND

By VINCENT EDWARDS

ELEPHANTS trumpeted and lions roared in anger. From the vine-wrapped trees pygmies peered wide-eyed. It was no wonder that the whole jungle was aroused. Curious trespassers were about. The white men had started to build a railway into the very heart of Africa.

Railway building has had many curious chapters, but Africa's Uganda Railway is unique. Nearly every boy or girl, at some time or other, has visited a zoo. But how many ever rode on a train where, from the car windows, they could see lions and elephants and zebras roaming beside the tracks? Not one, probably.



The parts for each individual bridge were painted a different colour, and each part was lettered and numbered.

The work went rapidly forward. One gang of coolie labourers sorted the steel, while the Americans fitted the parts together with the help of the natives. The riveting was done by the coolies and the natives. It took only a week to erect the first bridge, while the biggest viaduct of all—880 feet long and 78 feet high—was completed in 60½ days. In less than a year all the bridges were in place, ready for the jungle-land railroad.

There was plenty of excitement, too, along with the hard work. One day the American engineer in charge was working on a bridge when he heard that some lions were bothering the workers of another section. Jumping on a hand-car, he and an English engineer rushed to the rescue.

When the two men arrived at their destination, no lions were in sight. But when they started to patrol the region in the hand-car, a huge beast suddenly appeared in a rock cut. The lion ran off as both men jumped to the ground.

As the train carried them out to their work, these fellows felt like rubbing their eyes in surprise. Beside the track graded hundreds of antelopes and zebras. Almost keeping pace with the smoking engine ran long-legged ostriches. More than once they glimpsed lions close to the road-bed.

The engineer in charge of the bridge construction found he had a real job on his hands. Over 13,000,000 pounds of steel in the form of girders, angle irons and other parts had been shipped from New York, along with 500,000 feet of southern pine for the bridge flooring. To assemble the separate pieces properly, the American Bridge Company had sent to a clever scheme.

DRIVE YOURSELF BUGGY!

ANTS use baby sitters. The honeybee moves its wings back and forth more than 400 times a second. There's a fly that looks like a bumblebee.

Don't these bugs sound fascinating? Why not study insects and learn more about their amazing lives and habits.

Of course you'll have to find bugs before you can study them, so look on bushes, weeds, and trees, for that's where bugs like to linger. You'll also find them in dead trees, on the undersides of leaves, in piles of dead leaves, under stones, in decayed fruit. The most interesting varieties will be found away from houses and travelled roads.

For bug-hunting equipment you'll need an umbrella, an old white sheet or white cloth, small bottles with holes in their screw tops, and tin boxes with holes in their covers.



Don't jumble them all together in one container because bugs have a bad habit of eating each other. Separate the varieties. Put the little bugs in the jars, and the larger insects in the boxes.

Be sure to carry home some of their favourite food. Try them with a sample of the various plants that grow where you found the bugs. This will let you know just what each bug needs for its particular diet. Some may be very choosy.

Winged insects such as butterflies, wasps, bees, and moths can only be collected with a butterfly net. These winged bugs soon die in captivity so study them in their natural haunts rather than trying to take them home.

Assemble your equipment, visit woodlands and meadows to collect your bug zoo, and before long you'll be a bugology expert.

—Erma Reynolds

Through Teddy's Window

—It Was A Boring Day, Until A Poodle Came Along—

By MAX TRELL

TEDDY the Stuffed Bear didn't have much to do. So he sat himself down good and solid in front of the window and looked out to see what was happening.

All he could see happening were some trees shaking in the wind and some ivy climbing over a wall and some grass growing. But none of this was very exciting.

"I wish something else would happen," said Teddy to himself. So he watched and waited while the trees shook in the wind and the ivy grew over the wall and the grass grew. But by and by a rubber ball went bouncing and rolling down the street.

"Here I go! Nobody can catch me!"

It Disappeared

Teddy distinctly heard the rubber ball saying—or perhaps he just imagined it. Anyway, he noticed the ball suddenly hit the trunk of one of the trees and shot across the street and disappeared in the middle of a thick bush.

"Oh! He's lost!" Teddy said. "This is pretty exciting. Here comes a boy looking for him. He's in that bush!" Teddy shouted to the boy.

Did the boy hear Teddy? Maybe he did, maybe he didn't. But just the same he ran over to the bush and pulled out the ball.

"Play ball with me! Hey, play ball with me!" Teddy shouted. The boy just ran off with the ball. So Teddy kept looking at the trees shaking in the wind and the grass slowly and silently growing.

Then a big poodle came walking down the street. The poodle was coloured like chocolate and had a long nose, big eyes and droopy ears.

All at once, right in the middle of a patch of sunshine,



"I was chasing my tail," the Poodle told Teddy.

the chocolate-coloured poodle began turning round and round, faster and faster.

"Hey, Poodle! What are you doing?" Teddy yelled at the top of his voice.

The poodle kept turning around more and more. But he just imagined it. Anyway, he noticed the ball suddenly hit the trunk of one of the trees and shot across the street and disappeared in the middle of a thick bush.

"Hello there, Stuffed-Bear-In-The-Window!" he barked.

"Hello, Chocolate-Poodle-In-The-Street!" Teddy called back. "Why were you turning round and round?"

"Why?" said the poodle. "I was chasing my tail; that's why!"

"That's foolish, to chase your tail," said Teddy. "The faster you go the faster your tail goes. You never can catch it. That's why it's foolish."

Scratched His Ears

"That's right," said the poodle, "he sat down and scratched his chocolate-coloured ears, one at a time, very slowly and carefully. Then all of a sudden he sprang to his feet again and started dashing up and down."

This way he went! That way he went! This way, that way, back and forth, here, there.

Teddy watched in amazement and wonder.

"Hey, Poodle! What are you chasing after now?" he shouted down.

The poodle stopped and came over to the window.

"I couldn't catch it, Bear-In-The-Window," the poodle said. "Couldn't catch it! Couldn't catch what?" demanded Teddy. "I thought you weren't going to try to catch your tail any more!"

"I wasn't trying to catch my tail," said the poodle. "I was trying to catch my shadow. Look—there it is—right in front of me!" And away dashed the poodle.

Teddy the Stuffed Bear smiled. Well, something had happened after all, better than waving one's ears clumping ivy and growing grass.

Rupert and the Winter Woolly-7



Rupert calls to his pals, but they do not seem to hear him. "That awful wind seemed to be coming straight from Noddywood," he thinks. "I wonder if our cottage is all right. It was enough to blow the roof off of the sheepers home and to be rattled like a tin can."



Everything seems quiet and undisturbed. But Rupert's mind is full of worry. "Are you sure you weren't dreaming?" he asks. "There has been no wind here. Come and see the sheep! It's quite ready."

